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PROGRESSIVE INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY.

THERE is an anecdote recorded of a Frenchman, who, while he was resident in London, was told that there was a mob in the streets. He therefore ran out, and mingling with the crowd, eagerly asked every one around him, "Where is the mob, where is the mob?" Something like this is performed frequently by ourselves, when we are told that we are living in society which is in a state of revolution. We rub our eyes, and looking around us, ask our neighbours, "Where is the revolution?" We are too apt to associate revolutions exclusively with grand events, public demonstrations, and outbreaks of physical violence, forgetting that all that is really valuable in a movement is mental in its operation, and has taken place frequently before it begins to display itself openly. It is thus that we meet, in history, with examples not only of individuals, but of whole portions of a community, who resemble those inhabitants of London who sometimes become first acquainted with events that happened in the metropolis, by meeting with the record of them in the columns of a provincial newspaper. Or, to use a more appropriate illustration, they are like the sleeping inhabitants on the banks of a river, who are made aware of the presence of a flood, by finding themselves swimming in their beds.

We apply the word revolution to physical, mental, and moral movements. The earth daily presents its scarred face to the sun; and year by year continually it runs its silent course in the heavens, returning to the place from whence it came. The mind of man, also, is ever in motion, but, unlike the earth, it runs, not in a circle, but on a straight line, which stretches out to infinity. It never returns to its starting point, but presses forward to an unseen goal. All that takes place on the earth—wars, and rumours of wars, upturning of governments, changes of language, and manners, and costume,—are but indications of the movement, marks of the restless, busy, and progressive spirit. Junius has a much-applauded sentiment, to the effect, that in revolutions whatever is light and worthless floats on the top, while whatever is solid and valuable sinks to the bottom. This is only true locally. Were we wise beings—if we clearly saw our own and our neighbour's interest and welfare, and were disposed to act on our convictions, none of those frightful events would occur, to which the name of revolution has been almost exclusively attached. But we are not wise beings; good and evil is ever mixing in our lot; and so, under the overruling providence of God, revolutions arise and burst out, like storms in the natural world—and during the process, the good flies off, like a volatile spirit, to seek some new combination, while the worthless is shivered to pieces.

In this perpetual and progressive movement, Christianity has a most important share. Its primary and its great work is moral in its nature, and deals with individuals: but it has a secondary work, of a mental character, which is performed not on individuals as individuals, but on man as an intelligent creature. We are frequently murmuring,—Why has Christianity made so little progress during the eighteen hundred years that have passed away?—why has it been so circumscribed in its operation and its influence? But we forget, poor pignies that we are, that God's ways are not as our ways. Man himself has presented a resisting medium to the spread of Christianity: but, at the same time, during all the period that has elapsed, it has never retrograded, never stood still. We can but dimly see it, in the flickering, uncertain light of history, spreading through all the Roman empire, like that elastic

ether which, astronomers now tell us, pervades the universe; gradually it overthrows Paganism, and Paganism, as it dies, inflicts a wound on it; then it encounters that great ocean of barbarism which overspread the Roman empire, and covered its ruins, but still, like the salt of the ocean, its pervading and preserving influence can be traced and seen; a misinterpretation of a Scripture caused that extraordinary commotion all over Europe at the end of the tenth century, by which the minds of men were shaken by the idea, that the end of the world was at hand, and many, disposing of their lands and goods, hurried to Palestine, to meet, as they vainly thought, the descending Son of God; following this, and partly a result of it, was the first crusade, termed by M. Guizot, the "first event" of modern European society;—the first circumstance, in modern history, which animated entire nations with one impulse, with one co-operating spirit. We need not here speak of the prodigious influence of the crusades, as felt throughout the entire structure of European society; of the dawn of the Reformation; of the Reformation itself; nor of all that has resulted from it, still extending its influence, and spreading out to the future.

Now, in all these changes it is most interesting to observe, how an expansion of the intellect of man has preceded or followed an expansion of Christianity. We talk of the purity of the primitive age; and certainly the Christians who could ask counsel of those who had seen their Lord in the flesh had a far better chance of being rightly informed of the truth than we have. But we must recollect that the general intellect of man was then far lower than it is now. It is a peculiar glory of Christianity that it is adapted to the wants of the most ignorant as well as the most refined: but to appreciate it in all its excellence and purity requires a large and cultivated mind—it is another glory of Christianity that the intellect or wit of man can never outgrow it. We are therefore approaching to a period when Christianity will be seen more pure and glorious than ever it has been since the days of the apostles. Nay, we are wrong in using the word "pure;" Christianity has never been corrupted; men, in their dull, narrow, and sluggish minds, have mixed up portions of its spirit with their own fantasies and errors; they have called the mixture Christianity, and fought for it and died for it—while such portions of the truth which they held was ever struggling with the error with which it was united, and labouring to drive it out.

To illustrate this, let us refer to the different interpretations of the parables, taking the parable of Lazarus as an example. Thus, for instance, amongst other follies at Jerusalem, they show to credulous pilgrims and incredulous travellers the houses of the Rich Man and the Beggar. Major Skinner, a recent traveller, was shown the house of Dives, "at the end of a street in the Turkish quarter of the town. We stood for a while to gaze at it, many of the pilgrims shaking their heads and uttering expressions of scorn; when, turning round, some one, in a more softened tone, proclaimed, 'And this is the house of Lazarus himself.' The people rushed towards it, (for it is within sight of the spot where 'the dogs came and licked his sores,') and stood in nearly as much astonishment at it as I did. It is an exceedingly clean and neat building, of a middling size. I know not how old this tradition is: but if one of the monks had not assured me of its certainty with very great solemnity, I should have thought the whole affair had been meant as a joke."

Between the Christian who believes in the literal fact of the

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parable of Lazarus, and the Christian who sees in it one of those beautiful imaginations, through the medium of which the MASTER taught awful and immortal truths, what a great distance is there! The difference does not lie in the parable, nor in the truth taught. The unintellectual Christian, who seriously believes that there was a beggar named Lazarus, and that he was actually carried by angels into Abraham's bosom, may derive as much edification and as much warning from the doctrine of a future state taught in the parable, as may the refined and cultivated Christian, who sees in the story of the beggar but the vestments of the great truth of the immortality of man. Yet what a difference is there in the degree of justice done to the truth by the two minds! The one, because of his lower range of intellectual capacity, but ill understands the Scripture, and may fall into the gross and ludicrous error of believing that the houses of the rich man and Lazarus are to be seen in Jerusalem to this day. The other more correctly perceives the object of the parable, does far more justice, not merely to the truth, but to the simple and affecting grandeur of the manner in which the truth is told; and has a mind prepared or preparing to taste and enjoy the moral beauty, the purity, the majesty, of the Christianity of the New Testament.

As with individuals, so with man as a whole. Even in the apostolic age, the great majority of those who embraced the gospel but ill comprehended what they believed. Can we wonder at this? The larger portion of the early converts were "ignorant and unlearned men," who belonged to the middle and lower classes of society—mechanics, domestic servants, or rather slaves. There was then no magic printing, to perform its wonders before the people. Converts came with their inveterate Jewish prejudices, or their Gentile philosophy, or the lingering remains of Pagan superstition or Pagan habits; and into such a soil as this was the precious truth dropped! Frequently, the very men who so loved the truth as to "count not their own lives dear" to themselves, were sometimes blameably forward in offering to "seal their testimony with their blood." The errors of the early Christians were those of excess, addition, and deficiency of perception; and to those who look no further than the surface, a large portion of the employment of Christians in all the ages that have elapsed seems to have been merely a process of ravelling and unravelling the bandages with which the truth has been swathed. The ark of the covenant has been carried backwards and forwards throughout this dry and rocky wilderness of the past world's history; and all the men who came out of Egypt have died without entering the promised land. Nevertheless, the manna has continued to fall, and the living stream has flowed. How far are we yet from the banks of the Jordan, whose waters are to roll back, while the tribes cross over on dry land?

Even the sceptic must admit the prodigious influence which Christianity has exercised on the civilisation of man. In spite of all retarding influences—in the midst of blunders, and folly, and ignorance, the truth has ever striven to rise outwards and upwards, and to carry the human mind along with it. Man, in his ambitious and selfish pride, has repeatedly tried to forge chains out of the corruptions of Christianity, with which to bind his own intellect. But the truth itself has been too ethereal to be bound down: even in the darkest and most humiliating portion of the history of Christianity it may be seen struggling to get free. Christianity was as a pharos, sending its light across the troubled sea of European society, before it settled down into the form of the feudal system; it exercised an influence over the rude, fierce, but comprehensive mind of Charlemagne; it inspired with hope and noblest effort our own Alfred, and made his reign a great landmark in English history; it taught the monks to feed the lamp of literature with oil, though frequently that oil was anything but pure; it tinged war with something like a generous sentiment, and gave to chivalry a portion of its romance; stirred the mind of the English nation, and supplied our early literature with a treasure-house of holy and sublime images; and now, in our own tongue alone, there is a mass of learning, research, controversy, and criticism,

having the Bible for its object, sufficient of itself to form and expand the mind of any nation whatever.

A great portion of scepticism, and of the irregularities of religious enthusiasm, have been produced during the transitions of the popular mind from a lower to a larger appreciation of Christianity. To mistake a corrupted faith for the faith of the New Testament, has been the fault or the misfortune of men in every age of the history of Christianity: yet even a corrupted faith acts as ballast, and, should it be thrown overboard suddenly, the vessel may be upset. And just as from generation to generation the national faith has been moved forward with the advance of the national mind, so, in each transition, scepticism has shifted its ground, and clothed itself in a new form. And this makes us think it possible, that, before we reach a higher elevation in religious truth, another and a newer form of scepticism, as well as other developments of religious enthusiasm, will spread over the surface of society. Should this be the case to any extent, the commotion will be fearful. The press, with its hundred tongues, will clamour loud and long; and men, accustomed to pay but small reverence to mere authority, may fling away the bonds of their old faith before they fall down to worship the new. But at the very time that ruin seems impending, the voice of the tempest will be stilled, and men will perceive Christianity "looking forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners."

We may compare the present time with the century that preceded the Reformation. The steam-engine is to this age what printing was then; and facility of communication, and the advanced state of all our physical resources, may be fairly compared with the Mariner's Compass, the discovery of America, and the passage of the Cape of Good Hope. Men were burned at the stake for reformation long before the Reformation began; and the Church had confessed a necessity for reformation, and had attempted it, before Luther opened his mouth. The great intellectual excitement of the fifteenth century was followed by a corresponding great religious movement. Reasoning from analogy, may we not expect that the still higher mental activity of the nineteenth century will be followed by a still higher development of religious faith and practice? All good men look for it, and long for it. Milton saw it afar off, when he prayed that the "Mighty One" would "gird his sword upon his thigh, and go forth, as of old, conquering and to conquer;" and now, more than in Milton's time, is there visible sign and token that "the whole earth sighs to be renewed."

This advance in Christian knowledge and faith may be preceded or accompanied by a change in social condition. "We shall find," says M. Guizot, "that every expansion of human intelligence has proved of advantage to society; and that all the great advances in the social condition have turned to the profit of humanity. One or other of these facts may predominate—may shine forth with greater splendour for a season, and impress upon the movement its own particular character. At times it may not be till after the lapse of a long interval, after a thousand transformations, a thousand obstacles, that the second shows itself, and comes to complete the civilisation which the first had begun; but when we look closely, we easily recognise the link by which they are connected. The movements of Providence are not restricted to narrow bounds: it is not anxious to deduce to-day the consequences of the premises it laid down yesterday. It may defer this for ages, till the fulness of time shall come. Its logic will not be less conclusive for reasoning slowly. Providence moves through time as the gods of Homer through space: it makes a step, and ages have rolled away! How long a time, how many circumstances intervened, before the regeneration of the moral powers of man, by Christianity, exercised its great, its legitimate influence upon his social condition? Yet who can doubt or mistake its power?" That power, we may add, will work with a tenfold influence in the ages that are future, as compared with those that are past.

CIVILISATION IN MADAGASCAR.*

MADAGASCAR was first made known to Europeans by that most intelligent and veracious traveller, Marco Polo. He was, as the reader may be aware, for many years (from 1275 to 1292) in the service of Kublai Khan, the great conqueror of China. Being highly in favour with his employer, and acquainted with many of the languages spoken within the wide extent of the Mongol empire, he was frequently sent on distant missions, and to places so remote, as often to be six months in travelling to his destination. He kept a journal, in which he entered not only what came under his own observation worthy of record, but whatever information he received from others respecting countries which he had not visited. Of course, he was occasionally both intentionally and unintentionally deceived, and was also, as was the character of his age, a little credulous. But his book of travels opened a new world to the people of Europe, and exercised a great influence at the time of its publication.

Madagascar he did not visit; but his account of it bears evidence of having been derived from those who did; as, for instance, his mention of the strong currents which run along the coast of Africa. He confounds some of the productions of the continent with those of the island, and mentions elephants, giraffes, and tigers, which are not to be found in Madagascar. The reader will be amused by his fabulous *rukhs*, and be reminded of the *roc* of the Arabian Nights. But though Marco Polo mentions only the "Saracens" or Arabians as inhabitants of Madagascar, (they form but a small section of the inhabitants,) his description of the active commerce carried on renders his account of the island, which he calls Magaster, worthy of quotation. It is as follows:—

"Leaving the island of Socotera, and steering a course between south and south-west for a thousand miles, you arrive at the great island of Magaster, which is one of the largest and most fertile in the world. In circuit it is three thousand miles. The inhabitants are Saracens, or followers of the law of Mahomet. They have four sheikhs, which in our language may be expressed by "elders," who divide the government amongst them. The people subsist by trade and manufacture, and sell a vast number of elephants' teeth, as those animals abound in the country, as they do also in that of Zanzibar, from whence the exportation is equally great.

"The principal food eaten at all seasons of the year is the flesh of camels. That of the other cattle serves them also for food, but the former is preferred, as being both the most wholesome and the most palatable of any to be found in this part of the world. The woods contain many trees of red sandal, and in proportion to the plenty in which it is found, the price of it is low. There is also much ambergris from the whales; and as the tide throws it on the coast, it is collected for sale. The natives catch lynxes, tigers, and a variety of other animals, such as stags, antelopes, and fallow-deer, which afford much sport; as do also the birds, which are different from those of our climates.

"The island is visited by many ships from various parts of the world, bringing assortments of goods, consisting of brocades and silks of various patterns, which are sold to the merchants of the island, or bartered for goods in return, upon all of which they make large profits. There is no resort of ships to the other numerous islands lying further south, this and the island of Zanzibar alone being frequented. This is the consequence of the sea running with such prodigious velocity in that direction as to render their return impossible. The vessels that sail from the coast of Malabar for this island perform the voyage in twenty or twenty-five days, but in their returning voyage are obliged to struggle for three months, so strong is the current of water which constantly runs to the southward.

"The people of the island report that at a certain season of the year, an extraordinary kind of bird, which they call a *rukha*, makes its appearance from the southern region. In form it is said to resemble the eagle, but it is incomparably greater in size, being so large and strong as to seize an elephant with its talons, and to lift it in the air, whence it lets it fall to the ground, in order that, when dead, it may prey upon the carcass. Persons who have seen this bird assert that when the wings are spread they measure sixteen paces in extent from point to point, and that the feathers are eight paces in length, and thick in proportion. Messer Marco Polo, conceiving that these crea-

tures might be griffins, such as are represented in painting, half birds and half lions, particularly questioned those who reported their having seen them as to this point, but they maintained that their shape was altogether that of birds, or, as it might be said, that of the eagle. The grand *khan* having heard this extraordinary relation, sent messengers to the island, on the pretext of demanding the release of one of his servants who had been detained there, but in reality to examine into the circumstances of the country, and the truth of the wonderful things told of it. When they returned to the presence of his majesty, they brought with them, as I have heard, a feather of the *rukha* positively affirmed to have measured ninety spans, and the quill part to have been two palms in circumference. This surprising exhibition afforded his majesty extreme pleasure, and upon those by whom it was presented he bestowed valuable gifts. They were also the bearers of a tusk of a wild boar, an animal that grows there to the size of a buffalo, and it was found to weigh fourteen pounds. The island contains camelpards, asses, and other wild animals, very different from those of our country."

It was not till the passage by the Cape of Good Hope was made, and Portuguese barks were ploughing the Indian ocean, that Madagascar was known by actual examination of its coasts. The Portuguese made a small settlement on the south-eastern extremity of the island, but the settlers were cut off by the natives. The island, however, lay under the eye of the early voyagers to the East Indies; and Portuguese, Dutch, French, and English vessels, touched at some of its harbours for refreshment. Great exaggeration prevailed respecting the wealth and resources of Madagascar, and about the middle of the seventeenth century, the French and English seemed to be trying a race for its possession. A Mr. Walter Hamond, who visited it in 1630, published, in 1640, a short and somewhat foolish tract, with a long and flaming title, of which the following is a copy:—"A Paradox, proving that the inhabitants of the isle called Madagascar, or St. Lawrence [it was called St. Lawrence by the Portuguese], in temporal things are the happiest in the world: whereunto is prefixed, a brief and true description of that island, the nature of the climate, and condition of the inhabitants, and their special affection to the English above other nations: with most probable arguments of a hopeful and fit plantation of a colony there, in respect of the fruitfulness of the soyle, the benignity of the ayre, and the relieving of our English ships both to and from the East Indies." The "Paradox," to which the account of the island is a prefix, is a ludicrous enough affair. While the author is exhorting the English "concerning the commodities and riches of this island," and vehemently affirming that "for wealth and riches no island in the world can be preferred before it," he rings the changes on the advantages of poverty and the evils of wealth, deprecates the abject servitude into which the use of clothes and money brings the man of civilisation, and admires the ease, freedom, and absence of all care and anxiety, which he fancies the naked savage enjoys.

Mr. Hamond reappeared in 1643, with another tract—"Madagascar the richest and most fruitful island in the whole world;" dedicated to the "Honourable John Bond, governor and captain-general of Madagascar." That there was a serious intention entertained by the English government for a settlement on Madagascar, we learn from a work published in the following year (1644), by a Mr. Richard Boothby, a merchant of London, who gives it as his "humble opinion" that "whatsoever prince in Christendom is once really possessed of, and strongly settled in, that brave, fruitful, and pleasant island, by computation three times as big as England, may with ease be emperor or sole monarch of the East Indies." He did not foresee that a private company of "merchant adventurers" was about to become almost "emperor or sole monarch of the East Indies," even without the possession of Madagascar. The troubles of the reign of Charles the First prevented the execution of the scheme mentioned in Mr. Boothby's tract; a settlement however was formed by the English in St. Augustine's Bay, but the individuals composing it did not experience that "benignity of the air" of which Mr. Hamond boasted on his title-page, for almost all the settlers were cut off by the climate. The greater portion of the coast of Madagascar is marshy, hot, moist, and abounding with an exuberant vegetation. Hence there is a mal' aria (bad air), the subtle poison of which is fatal not only to foreigners, but even to natives at certain periods of the year.

While the English government was talking, the French government was acting. In 1642, Cardinal Richelieu granted a patent, under which a French East India Company was formed. A settle-

ment was made on the south-eastern extremity of Madagascar, and a fort built, which was called Fort Dauphin. We have no space to follow the narrative of the repeated attempts made by the French to effect a permanent settlement. Bad or weak-minded men were too often at the head of the infant colony; quarrels and wars with the natives were frequent; and M. Lescallier, who was deputed, in 1792, by the French National Assembly, to visit Madagascar, thus reports:—"Europeans have hardly ever visited this island but to ill-treat the natives, and to exact forced services from them; to excite and foment quarrels amongst them, for the purpose of purchasing the slaves that are taken on both sides in the consequent wars; in a word, they have left no other marks of having been there but the effects of their cupidity. The French government has, at long intervals, formed, or rather attempted to form, establishments amongst these people, but the agents in these enterprises have attended exclusively to the interests and emoluments of the Europeans, while the interests and well-being of the natives have been entirely forgotten."

Robert Drury's interesting narrative of his fifteen years' detention in Madagascar gave to the English a better idea of the climate, natives, and resources of the island, than they had hitherto obtained. Robert Drury was the son of the landlord of the King's Head in the Old Jewry, London; and having, at the age of 14, a passionate wish to go to sea, was sent out in a vessel to the East Indies, his careful mother providing him with all comforts, in the hope that a single voyage would cure him of his sea-faring inclination. On the homeward voyage the vessel was wrecked on the coast of Madagascar in 1702. A large number of the people on board got safe to land, where they were, on the whole, kindly treated by a native chief; but becoming furious at their detention, violent counsels were adopted, the chief was seized as a prisoner, and the whole party undertook a perilous march, or rather fight, pursued and harassed by the natives. Drury details the subsequent proceedings with some minuteness; the natives repeatedly overtook the flying party; the chief was restored to his people on a promise of no further molestation being given, but still the pursuit was continued; the fatigued and the stragglers were cut off; and at last, the more hardy and resolute having got greatly a-head of the pursuers, those who remained behind were assaulted and slain, Drury being preserved, his youth having saved him.

Drury spent fifteen years in Madagascar, "suffering almost every kind of privation and distress, became a domestic slave, and as such passed from the hands of one proprietor to another, sometimes experiencing kindness, but more frequently being treated in a manner, which, though not regarded as cruel by his masters, must often have embittered the regrets with which he remembered the reckless desertion of his own pleasant home." He at one time made his escape, for the purpose of reaching St. Augustine's Bay, in the hope of meeting with some of his countrymen; and his description of his lonely wanderings in the country can only be compared to the narrative of Ross Cox, when, without arms or food, he lost the party with which he was travelling across the American continent, from the Colombia River to Canada. Ross Cox tells us that at one time a wolf faced him, and he had no other resource but to boldly face it too, while he shouted out all the names of all the acquaintances he could recollect, to make the animal believe he had friends at hand. At another time he went to sleep in the hollow trunk of a tree, which proved to be a bear's nest, and was awakened by Bruin returning home. Confounding his visitor by a sudden blow with a stick, he got time to ascend a tree: but the bear watched him with persevering attention, and it was only when it went off to get a meal, that Ross Cox had an opportunity of escaping from the unpleasant neighbourhood. Robert Drury was not troubled with bears or wolves; but one night, as he lay asleep between the decaying embers of two fires he had kindled, a fox began to pull away at his heel; and when Drury started up and struck it with a brand, the audacious creature flew at his face, and was with difficulty beaten off. At another time, as he was trying to cross a river, he was chased by a crocodile. "As I was searching," he says, "for a proper place to wade through, or swim over, I spied a large crocodile; I still walked upon the banks, and in a short time saw three more. This was a mortifying stroke, and almost dispirited me. I went on until I came to a shallower place, when I entered the river about ten yards; but seeing a crocodile make towards me, I ran directly back. He pursued me until I got into very shallow water, and then he turned back into the deep, for they will never attack a man near the shore." He afterwards crossed

the river when it was dark, carrying with him a lighted firebrand to scare those dreaded monsters. Drury was brought home to England by a vessel which came to Madagascar for slaves.

Domestic slavery has been, from time immemorial, a part of the constitution of society in Madagascar; and, like the Britons at the time of the invasion of Julius Caesar, or the New Zealanders of the present day, the various tribes consigned their prisoners of war to slavery. But early in the eighteenth century, the exportation of slaves grew into a great trade. Madagascar had been for many years a resort of reckless sailors, who turned pirates*, and infested the Indian seas. But their establishments having been broken up, many of them became slave factors. Enormous was the mischief thus inflicted on the natives; internal wars were excited; and all the evils followed which spring from cupidity, violence, and lawless indulgence. Yet even amid the horrors of that detestable trade, we can perceive something like good springing from it. In return for slaves, various commodities were imported; new wants were created, and some of the advantages as well as the evils of civilisation began to be diffused among the people.

It appears that Madagascar has been peopled by different races at different periods. We perceive from Marco Polo that the island was frequented by Arabians, and some of the tribes on the eastern coast are of Arabian descent. A great immigration has also evidently taken place from the African continent, a large proportion of the natives being black, with "woolly" hair. But there is also an olive-coloured race, which has exercised nearly as much influence on the civilisation of Madagascar as the Normans did on that of England. Whence they came, and when, are matters for speculation; they are not aborigines; they now occupy chiefly the central portion of Madagascar, which is an elevated and hilly country, not so fertile, but far more salubrious than the coast. The tradition is, that they came from the south-east, and dispossessed or conquered the aborigines, who are traditionally known as the Vazimba, and whose graves are objects of idolatrous veneration to their conquerors, as the barrows of the ancient Britons are objects of curiosity to ourselves. The name of this olive-coloured race is the Hovahs; the central province which they inhabit is called Ankova, the "country of the Hovahs," the *A* being changed into *k*; and this province contains Tananarivo, which, within the last half century, has become the capital of Madagascar.

"In the early part of the reign of the father of the late Radama, a period not more than seventy years ago, the Malagasy were divided into not fewer than fifty distinct tribes, governed by their respective chieftains, and independent of each other; the chief of each tribe exercising absolute power over the lives, property, and services of his subjects. Since that period the processes of amalgamation have been rapid and effectual, and the principal divisions now recognised are those already named. All the rest are either subdivisions of these, or people belonging to one or the other intermixed. That they are all nearly the same, is manifest from their general colour, language, customs, and the names of towns, rivers, hills, and productions."

The father of Radama, mentioned in the preceding extract, from Mr. Ellis's recently published "History of Madagascar," was a Hovah chieftain, who began that acquisition and centralization of power which was still farther carried out by Radama himself, and will probably result in making the people of Madagascar united, national, and subject to one government. Radama's father is "universally represented as having been a man of great energy of character, bold, brave, and adventurous, yet possessing an eminent share of prudence, sagacity, and shrewdness." He died in 1808. Of Radama, who was a second son, (his elder brother having been put to death for a conspiracy against his father,) the following characteristic anecdote is told:—

"When quite a child, having observed that his father and mother had some dispute, and that the latter had been sent from home divorced, he contrived one day during his father's absence to get a chicken, which he tied to the leg of a chair in the house. His father on his return inquired who had done this, and was told Radama. The child was called, and asked why he had so treated the little animal. He replied, it was 'a little chicken crying for its mother.' Impunity took the hint, sent for his wife home, and the dispute which had separated them terminated."

We now arrive at an important era in the history of the civilisation.

* One of Defoe's works is, the *Life, Adventures, and Piracies of the famous Captain Singleton*, containing an account of his being set ashore at Madagascar, his settlement there, with a description of the place and inhabitants.

sation of Madagascar. The enlightened governor of the Mauritius, Mr. afterwards Sir Robert Farquhar, sent, in 1815, a party of English to form a settlement on Madagascar. The settlers, having inconsiderately offended a badly-disposed chief, were all treacherously slain by his contrivance. Governor Farquhar despatched Captain Le Sage to inquire into the matter. The other chieftains in the neighbourhood not only disavowed all participation in the affair, but gave a proof of their sincerity by causing the offender to be apprehended, tried, and executed. Captain Le Sage then went on an embassy to Radama, who, though but a mere youth, was making himself famous as the most powerful chieftain in the island. Radama received Captain Le Sage with great attention. Two of his brothers were sent to the Mauritius to be educated; and Governor Farquhar, in looking out for a preceptor, selected a man who had been a common soldier, and was now a non-commissioned officer. This was the late Mr. Hastie, a worthy and an honourable name. He was the son of Quakers in Cork; grieved his parents by his gay disposition, and still more by enlisting in the army; and came, in the providence of God, to occupy a position, where what he did will yet ripen into fruit, and shed its influence over unborn generations. Mr. Hastie attracted the attention of Governor Farquhar by his exertions in aiding to extinguish a fire which broke out in the government-house, at Port Louis, and was recommended for a commission in the army. Meantime, in 1817, he went over to Madagascar with the young princes; and found that a soldier of the name of Brady, whom Captain Le Sage had left behind him, had greatly improved Radama's troops. Mr. Hastie returned to the Mauritius; but, after an interval, was settled at Tananarivo as British agent, and acquired great influence over the mind of Radama, though for a time that influence was put to a severe trial. One of Sir Robert Farquhar's objects was to procure a treaty with Radama, to abolish the slave-trade. This was not only opposed to the pecuniary interests of the slave-traders, but Radama's principal revenue was derived from the traffic, and his subjects looked to it as a commercial staple. But Mr. Hastie induced him to agree to a treaty for its abolition, on the condition of certain annual supplies being paid by the English government. The treaty was faithfully kept for a time by Radama, and he put to death some of his subjects for daring to disobey his orders. But the supplies never came; Governor Farquhar had gone home on leave of absence, and the acting governor of the Mauritius broke off all connexion with Radama; the slave-trade was resumed, and "false as the English" became a proverb amongst the Hovahs. On Sir Robert Farquhar's return in 1820, he re-opened the communication; and Mr. Hastie returned to Madagascar, accompanied by the missionary Mr. Jones, from the London Missionary Society, who had been for several years watching for an opportunity to occupy this interesting field of labour. Mr. Hastie had an arduous task to remove the impression which had been made. But the activity of a straight-forward, manly mind, managing a rude, energetic, and ambitious one, and directing all its appeals with admirable judgment, dexterity, and tact, at last triumphed over all opposition, and the Madagascar slave-trade was abolished.

Mr. Hastie died in 1826, at Tananarivo, having met with a series of accidents and illnesses before his death, which broke up his constitution. He died at the early age of forty. Radama watched his sick bed, and wept over his grave; and the following testimonial, truly eloquent in matter, is inscribed by Mr. Ellis to his memory:—

"It would be fruitless to attempt anything like an account of the individual instances in which Mr. Hastie endeavoured to promote the great work of civilisation in Madagascar. The introduction of the first Protestant missionaries to the capital; the wise, humane, and judicious counsels he gave to Radama; and the faithful, laborious, persevering efforts made to effect the abolition of the slave-trade, and the suppression of the piratical attacks on the Comoro islands, have been already detailed. His successful efforts with the king to induce a commutation of capital punishments, by substituting hard labour in chains, is as creditable to his humanity, as the reduction of money from 70, 80, and 100 per cent. to 33, is to his sound policy, in a country where capital is small, and requires encouragement. Besides the good already stated, Madagascar is indebted to Mr. Hastie for the introduction of the horse, and many other useful and valuable animals, and of seeds and plants of various descriptions. He had made arrangements with the king for the manufacture of sugar, and, a short time before his decease, ordered apparatus from England for that purpose. He had also introduced two ploughs, a harrow, and some wheel-carriages, with various implements of industry; and to him the people are indebted

for the method of training oxen for the yoke, and to carry burdens. Though passionately and avowedly fond of amusements, he neither introduced nor encouraged them in Madagascar. His constant aim was to set an example of industry; and hence, although a billiard-table was opened by a European at Tananarivo, he neither played himself nor gave it his sanction.

"The Protestant mission in Madagascar is deeply indebted to the support and countenance of Mr. Hastie. He was not only ready on all occasions to sanction its labours when solicited, but voluntarily embraced every opportunity by which he could manifest the cordial interest he felt in its prosperity, believing it to be among the most important means for securing his favourite object—the civilisation of Madagascar."

Two years after Mr. Hastie's death, Radama followed him to the grave. He succeeded his father at the age of sixteen, and died at that of thirty-six; he found Tananarivo, not what its name would imply—"a thousand towns"—but a mere village, and he left it adorned with many excellent houses, roads, plantations, and with an increased and increasing population; his father left him a reputation to be sustained, and the "beardless boy," as a rival chief termed him, surpassed his father's fame, for he was the first to reduce Madagascar to a real or nominal dependence; and having a proud, ambitious spirit, being keenly sensitive to reputation, and quick to perceive his country's good, he adopted improvements even of the most novel description, and carried all his purposes with a high hand. It is to be deeply regretted that such a man should have given way to self-indulgence, to the ruin of his constitution, in the very prime and best estate of his life. On his coffin was placed the following inscription—(Manjaka signifies king)—the first of the kind that with any justice could have been inscribed to the memory of a Madagascar prince:—

Tananarivo.—1 August, 1828,
RADAMA MANJAKA.

Unequalled among the Princes,
Sovereign
Of the Island.

Great confusion followed the death of Radama. But at last one of his queens, Ranavalona, a woman, doubtless, of energy and spirit, however they may be directed—was proclaimed his successor, to the exclusion of his favourite queen and daughter. The usurpation was immediately marked by blood. Prince Rataffe, who was married to Radama's sister, and who had created considerable interest in London by his visit to our capital in 1821, was put to death, after a mock trial, and his wife was speared. Several of Radama's ablest chief men shared the same fate. During Radama's lifetime the party opposed to innovation—who hated the Missionaries and their schools—had been kept in check, though their complaints compelled their imperious monarch on one occasion to tell the Missionaries that they were going on too fast. Now, with the accession of Ranavalona, an opposite policy was introduced; and the first victims to it were the illustrious natives who had patronized the new system. But Ranavalona went further—she annulled the treaty with Britain, and permitted Mr. Hastie's successor, Mr. Lyall, to be driven out of the country with indignities for which Radama would have exacted a plentiful crop of heads.

Meantime the coronation of the new queen was celebrated with a splendour unknown before in Madagascar, showing, in a most decided manner, the progress that had been made during the late reign. Ranavalona was crowned on the 12th of June, 1829: Upwards of 60,000 people were assembled to witness the ceremony, which took place in a large open space near the capital, where the Kabaries or public assemblies are held. The Europeans in Tananarivo had a place reserved for them behind the platform, with a guard of two hundred soldiers to protect them from the crowd. We cannot give the whole of the coronation ceremonial, as detailed by Mr. Ellis; it would really appear to advantage beside our own; but we may find room for the following passage:—

"When the queen entered the place of assembly, she was carried towards the sacred stone, which stands about one hundred yards from the platform on which the sovereign usually appears. Alighting on the south side of the stone, her majesty ascended it, and stood with her face towards the east, being surrounded by five generals, each holding his cap or helmet in one hand, and a drawn sword in the other, the band at the same time playing the national air. The queen, standing upon the sacred stone, exclaimed, 'Masina, masina, v'aho?' i. e. 'Am I consecrated, consecrated, consecrated?' The five generals replied, 'Masina, masina, masina, hianao!'—'You are consecrated, consecrated, consecrated!' Then all the crowd shouted, 'Tranantitra

hianao, Ranavalomanjaka !' &c. &c. 'Long may you live, Ranavalomanjaka !' The queen, then descending from the stone on the east side, took the idols Manjakatsiroa and Fantaka into her hands, and addressed them, saying, 'My predecessors have given you to me. I put my trust in you; therefore support me!' She then delivered them into the hands of their respective keepers, entered her palanquin, and was borne towards the platform."

The Missionaries, after the accession of Ranavalona, did not immediately experience any inconvenience, farther than the loss of court favour and patronage. But their proceedings were strictly watched; restriction after restriction was placed on their preaching and teaching; the natives were restrained from free communication with them; and one Sunday, as the queen passed the chapel, and heard the congregation singing, she exclaimed that these people would not stop till they had lost their heads! The Missionaries, notwithstanding, continued cautiously their operations, endeavouring to avoid cause of offence. The New Testament was finished in 1830, and a printing-press and types brought from London in 1834. But at last the queen's mind was roused by insinuations that the objects of the Missionaries were ulterior and political, tending to the overthrow of the government; and at a great "kabary," or assembly of the people, held early in the year 1835, the decree was issued for the suppression of Christianity. All things considered, this decree is a very remarkable state document; the following passage contains the whole spirit of the objections of the Madagascar government to the propagation of Christianity:—

"As to baptism, societies, places of worship, distinct from the schools, and the observances of the sabbath, how many rulers are there in this land? Is it not I alone that rule? These things are not to be done, they are unlawful in my country, saith Ranavalomanjaka, for they are not the customs of our ancestors, and I do not change their customs, excepting as to things alone which improve my country."

This decree completely stopped the operations of the Missionaries, who seeing no change in the sentiments of the government, left Madagascar in 1836, and went to the Mauritius. The native Christians, who were numerous, have been subjected to a bitter persecution, have been obliged to read their copies of the Scriptures in secrecy, and to meet by stealth; and many have lost their lives. Mr. Ellis records the fate of an interesting and noble-minded lady. Indeed the whole reign of Ranavalona has been hitherto marked by the blood of the best and bravest of her people.

But there is hope for Madagascar. The very circumstance of a well-appointed embassy being sent to Paris and London in 1836, shows what progress the nation is making. The language has been written; the foundation of a literature laid; the Scriptures have been translated; useful arts have been introduced; and if Christianity be not utterly exterminated, it will revive with more power. If the comparison does not appear too far-fetched, we may term Radama the Henry the Eighth of Madagascar, and his successor a combination of the Mary and Elizabeth. May we not hope that this "Great Britain of Africa," as Mr. Ellis terms it, is yet destined to be a great nation?

The natives, customs, and physical characteristics of Madagascar afford ample materials for another article. We shall therefore, at an early period, return to the island.

THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI.

OVER deserts wide and far
They have traced the guiding star;
Still with eyes of faith they gaze
On the mystic meteor's blaze.
To Bethlehem's stable points the sign,
Rude cradle for a babe divine!
There the Virgin-mother mild,
Gazed upon her heavenly child,
While all around the Shepherds bent
Honouring him their God had sent,
The bearer of his gracious will
Who his promise should fulfil,
And in this his wondrous birth
Give hope and happiness to earth.

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF MRS. FELICIA HEMANS*.

It is one of the beauties of Christianity that it not only warns the soul of the future, and fits it for the life to come, but also sheds its kindly influence over the relations of the present. It is adapted to every situation and circumstance in which we may be placed. Interwoven with the best habits and dispositions of our nature, its gentle graces, like the dews of heaven, water every fertile soil. It is serious in the solemn worship of the sanctuary; it is tender and familiar in the affections of the household; it is the friendly companion amid the scenes of nature; it is the stay of adversity, and the best comfort of prosperity: it never deserts us. Wherever a man has a true source of enjoyment, it is present to sanctify and increase the happiness. Christianity embraces all the conditions of our state. It nerves the arm of the artisan at his daily labour; it strengthens the soldier in patriotism; it enlightens the study of the philosopher; it teaches the scholar his just end and aim; it seconds the call of duty; it invigorates every faculty to its most perfect exercise. Nor does it fail the mere man of letters in his pursuit of literature, but it meets the author in his closet and infuses into his page the real and natural interests of life. For it lays before him in the Bible the best model of composition ever penned, and awakes in him the influence of noble precept and example. It enlarges his understanding. It shows him effects not in themselves, but linked to a first Great Cause. It unfolds futurity, and thus gives the necessary completion to the history of man. It creates new sympathies in the kind, for it teaches that all men are brothers, and humility the corner-stone of virtue. It cultivates the love of nature. It cherishes the domestic ties, and reads a brighter memorial in the tear of affection than in the most successful effort of policy. It is spiritual, and looks to the emotions of the soul above the great acts of fortune. In fine, it embraces the very spirit of literature; dwelling in the heart, and rendering every thought sensitive to the claims of humanity.

These remarks might be pursued, but we hasten to illustrate them by the example of Mrs. Hemans. By observing the superiority of her verse to that of the poetesses of the day, and of her later to her early writings, in connexion with her history, we must be led to attribute the different character to the influence of religion inspiring her later poetry with a more natural interest, and fitting it for its just end—an intimacy with the religious principles of our nature.

Mrs. Hemans set out in life with all the ardour and enthusiasm of genius. She showed her individual character almost in her childhood. Her parents' residence in Wales, surrounded by lofty hills, and bordering on the ocean, brought her under poetic influences she was formed to experience and retain. Often do we find her in after life, recurring in her imagery to the scenes of her youth. Living apart from the world, her soul dwelt in a sphere of its own—wearing peculiar associations into an ideal world for its abode. She cultivated only the imagination; all her thoughts were tinged with romance. This, as her biographer remarks, has its evils as well as its advantages. While she was looking on all things in a poetic light, seeing only the fanciful and romantic separated from the gross and actual, her affections were lost to the thousand social sympathies with mankind, which only an actual participation in their joys and sorrows, a mingling with the common routine of life, can confer. But this was destined to be remedied in the sad experience of life, loosing one by one these ties, and fastening them to more real objects of interest.

The poetical character of Mrs. Hemans' mind being thus early established, her muse was never silent; but sent forth to the world a long series of works which, undergoing some curtailment—as what modern poets shall not?—will be remembered with the language. Her first pieces were little more than specimens of skilful versification; as she advanced, her individual manner appeared in the truly woman-like feeling which marked her poetry. The selection of subjects, the delicacy of taste, the nice perception of beauty, the heroic ardour shown in her writings, may even their fluency, evince the feminine nature of her mind. Her women share the grace and softness with the high-toned spirit of her disposition. In great trials they are courageous with the boldest, and where they may not do or die, they can submit with heroism. The "Records of Woman" are a trophy for her sex; its constancy, devotion, patriotism, and love, are commemorated in strains that should be dear to every female heart. It was reserved, however,

* From the New York Review.

for her later works to add to these a still nobler memorial—the strength and endurance of woman's piety.

Another of the early characteristics of Mrs. Hemans' verse was its patriotic tone. Her mind clung to every trait of national character wherever it might be found. Her fine martial and lyric "Lays" are of "Many Lands." They embrace the northern legend of "Runic rhyme" with the tradition of the south. Songs of ancient Greece awake in the stirring pages with the old English war message. The German harvest song equally with the Indian tale enlists her sympathy, while America owes her a debt of gratitude for the bold and picturesque

"Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers."

But her attention became awakened to simpler objects. In a gay mood she could always surrender herself to an "Hour of Romance," and live over some old dream of chivalry; but as the pressing interests of life closed around her, she gave herself to more real though less ambitious topics. The poetry of domestic life, as it appears in the excitement of joy, the calm sufferance of affliction, or the hope of hereafter, arrested her thoughts. She felt that this came home to the hearts of all; that while other themes might attract the fancy or imagination, this was buried deep in the soul with an interest permanent as our nature. She knew that other associations of man would lose their force—the storied castle perish with the record of human glory—while this remained a part of our common humanity—

"There may the bard's high themes be found,

We die, we pass away :

But faith, love, pity—these are bound

To earth without decay.

The heart that burns, the cheek that glows,

The tear from hidden springs,

The thorn and glory of the rose—

These are undying things."

This change in the poetry of Mrs. Hemans, caused by a devotion to real life, may in no slight degree be attributed to the study of Wordsworth. When she had once become acquainted with his works, they were ever after her chosen oracles. What she says in one of her letters of the lake scenery, "My spirit is too much lulled by these sweet scenes to breathe one word of sword and spear, until I have bid Winandermere farewell," may be extended to the mighty genius of the place. The poetry of Wordsworth opened her a new being. She had before looked upon the world with an eye to the fanciful and romantic; she now saw the simple and religious. Her thoughts of the affections had been always blended with the woman's love of excitement—the interest of battle and engagement, the knightly banquet and the aged minstrel, the tilt and tourney, the masquerade, and all the ancient retinue of chivalry; now they were attuned to a kindlier feeling. Her harp had echoed to the notes of glory and adventure: it was now responsive to the vibrations of the soul. She became acquainted in his pages with

"The still sad music of humanity"

stealing gently from the heart of every human being, the simple as well as the learned, the cottager and peasant alike with the nobleman, the humblest with the most elevated. Here she found something like repose. The tempest of the passions was stilled, the airy visions of fancy were called home, and she came to learn the calm of true poetry. In her own language her earlier works had been

"Sad sweet fragments of a strain—

First notes of some yet straggling harmony,

By the strong rush, the crowding joy and pain

Of many inspirations met, and held

From its true sphere."

It may not be uninteresting to the reader to quote Mrs. Hemans' own words with respect to Wordsworth. Her first acquaintance with his writings is celebrated in a letter to Miss Jewsbury :

"The enclosed lines (those to the poet Wordsworth) are effusions of deep and sincere admiration, and will give you some idea of the enjoyment, and I hope I may say, advantage, which you have been the means of imparting by so kindly intrusting me with your precious copy of Wordsworth's Miscellaneous Poems. It has opened to me such a treasure of thought and feeling, that I shall always associate your name with some of my pleasantest recollections, as having introduced me to the knowledge of what I can only regret should have been so long a 'Yarrow Unvisited.' I could not write to you sooner, because I wished to tell you that I had really studied these poems, and they have been the daily food of my mind ever since I borrowed them. There

is hardly any scene of a happy, though serious domestic life, or any mood of a reflective mind, with the spirit of which some one or other of them does not beautifully harmonize. This author is the true *Poet of Home*, and of all the lofty feelings which have their root in the soil of home affections. His fine sonnets to liberty, and indeed all his pieces which have any reference to political interest, remind me of the spirit in which Schiller has conceived the character of William Tell—a calm, single-hearted herdsman of the hills, breaking forth into a fiery and indignant eloquence, when the sanctity of his hearth is invaded."

After this introduction, Mrs. Hemans became a student of Wordsworth, so that, at least during the later years of her life, a single day never passed without a reference to his works. It was indeed a source of pleasure to her when she lived a summer at "The Lakes," during part of the time an inmate at Rydal Mount. Her acquaintance with the man did not detract from the idea of his writings.

Intimacy with the poetry of Wordsworth doubtless led the way to the change to a more serious character in Mrs. Hemans' verse, which the severe school of affliction afterwards matured. The "Quarterly Review" of 1820, in a notice of her poems, says, "In our opinion, all her poems are elegant and pure in thought and language; her later poems are of higher promise, they are vigorous, picturesque, and pathetic." There was yet a third stage to which they afterwards attained—they became sublime and religious. It was not till sickness had touched her frame, and sorrow tamed the wildness of her spirit, that she reached her worthiest efforts in song. As her heart was purified from the world, her mind was freed also, and soared to a better element. Its purpose was fixed, for it had found an appropriate object in the religious sympathies of life. Not only the domestic affections, but even the beauties of nature, ever familiar to her verse, were coloured with a new aspect. They were not only holy or fair in themselves, but they reflected the qualities of their Creator. The passions of life, before so imperfectly represented in their brief hour of excitement, were, by the prospects of Revelation, connected to an endless existence hereafter. There, just poetry, like true morality, must find its end; all else falls short of its proper aim. This is well illustrated by our authoress herself in one of her letters. She is speaking of a character in her verse. "It was with some difficulty that I refrained from making Alcestis express the hope of an immortal re-union. I knew this would be out of character, and yet could scarcely imagine how love so infinite in its nature could ever have existed without the hope (even if undefined and unacknowledged) of a 'heavenly country,' an unchangeable resting-place. This awoke in me many other thoughts with regard to the state of human affections, their hopes, and their conflicts, in the days of the 'gay religions, full of pomp and gold,' which, offering, as they did, so much of grace and beauty to the imagination, yet held out so little comfort to the heart. Then I thought how much these affections owed to a deeper and more spiritual faith, to the idea of a God who knows all our inward struggles, and pities our sufferings."

The best corollary on what we have written is to be found in the actual experience of Mrs. Hemans, as recorded by herself. She writes, the year before her death, serious with the solemn purpose of life, "I have now passed through the feverish and somewhat visionary state of mind, often connected with the passionate study of art in early life; deep affections and deep sorrows seem to have solemnized my whole being, and I now feel as if bound to higher and holier tasks, which though I may occasionally lay aside, I could not long wander from without some sense of dereliction." And about the same period—"The more I look for indications of the connexion between the human spirit and its eternal source, the more extensively I see those traces open before me, and the more indelibly they appear stamped upon our mysterious nature. I cannot but think that my mind has both expanded and strengthened during the contemplation of such things, and that it will thus by degrees arise to a higher and purer sphere of action than it has yet known. If any years of peace and affection be granted to my future life, I think I may prove that the discipline of storms has, at least, not been without a purifying and ennobling influence." These few sentences unfold the true secret of Mrs. Hemans' later success. It is the "discipline of storms" that must elevate the human character. Prosperity may be joyful to the sense, but adversity is healthful to the soul. "Certainly virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed."

Under the combined influence of improved taste, much sorrow, and a firmly infixed religious principle, Mrs. Hemans wrote her last work, "The Scenes and Hymns of Life." It is certainly, as

a literary composition, her best production, and justifies her confidence, had her life been prolonged, of giving to the world something far superior to her other writings. As admirers of her verse, we would point to this, and show Christianity to be the best instructor in literature. It will bear the test of criticism. To note an occasional beauty—she has a power of condensed expression rarely acquired by the female writer, which appears in single lines of great force. Calling poetic inspiration

"The gift, the vision of the unseal'd eye,"

she approaches Wordsworth's "Vision and the faculty divine." Her allusions in these poems are incidental, and far more vigorous than in her earlier works. When she speaks, in "The Prayer of the Lonely Student," of

"The grave sweetness on the brow of Truth,"

we fancy almost that the dream of Plato has been realized, and that we are looking upon the countenance of Truth, so lovely, that all fall down and worship her. The Sonnets entitled "Old Church in an English Park," and "A Church in North Wales," are picturesque and thoughtful. In the sketch of the "English Martyr," there is a fine ode on the Passion.

"The sun set in a fearful hour,

The stars might well grow dim;

When this mortality had power

So to overshadow Him."

The Sabbath Sonnet, her latest work dictated from her bed of death, was a noble last strain for a Christian poetess.

"How many blessed groups this hour are bending,
Through England's primrose meadow-paths their way
Toward spire and tower 'midst shadowy elms ascending,
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallow'd day.
The halls from old heroic ages gray,
Pour their fair children forth; and hamlets low,
With whose thick orchard blooms the soft winds play,
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a free vernal stream. I may not tread
With them those pathways,—to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound; yet, oh my God! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath fill'd
My chasten'd heart, and all its throbbing still'd
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness."

Our task is now briefly performed. We have asserted our argument, not that all poetry must be religious, but that the best poetry, and worthiest the name, that which enters into the nature of man, his passions and affections, which represents his character, must be essentially so. Let the poet, then, who would write for man, study to be taught of Heaven. Let the envy, malice, and selfishness of his disposition be supplanted by Christian charity. Let his life breathe the spirit of the New Testament. Let his inspiration be from Heaven.

SILVER SPOONS AND WOODEN LADLES.

"Some people are born with silver spoons in their mouths, and others with wooden ladles." Every one knows what this proverb means, and how it is applied; and we are constrained to say that we admire neither the proverb nor its application. Spenser says:—

"It is the mynd, that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poore;
For some, that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greater store;
And other, that hath little, asks no more,
But in that little is both rich and wise;
For wisdom is most riches; foolies therefore
They are, which fortunes doe by vows devise
Sith each unto himselfe his life may fortuneize."

That every one may in this manner "fortuneize" his inner life by the cultivation of habits, feelings, and acquisitions, which tend to happiness by strengthening the mind, and humanizing the character, is not much questioned. But perhaps there are not many readers who would be quite ready to concede that chance has in general very little to do with even a man's external prosperity in life. What the wooden-ladle people call the "luck" of the silver-spoon people is assuredly nothing more than the proper use of some common quality, such as industry, perseverance, self-denial, which all men, if they choose to tax their own energies, are capable of exerting. We allow our minds to dwell too much on contrasts—to look too much on effects, separately from the causes which pro-

duced them. We see one walking to and fro among us, mingling with us in the business and the charities of life, apparently superior to ourselves in no internal endowment, and perhaps inferior to ourselves in external advantages and possessions. This man remains among us, or perhaps we lose sight of him for several years, after which he comes upon us all unawares, as one more respected and distinguished than ourselves—one who receives more greetings in the streets and market-places—one who can afford to fare and dress better than ourselves. Most people are content to account for this by exclaiming, "Some people are born with silver spoons in their mouths!" This may be a very short and easy way of reaching a solution; but it is not a just one. If one inquire minutely into the history of such a person, we shall generally find that conduct, and not chance—conduct more than even ability—has been the source of his welfare. If we could acquaint ourselves intimately with the secrets of his heart and of his chamber, and see how all things were made subservient to one chosen pursuit—how carefully every fragment of time was employed—what discouragements were borne—what difficulties were overcome,—and how, in the midst of trial and sorrow, the eye looked steadily forward to the brighter and better days to come at last:—if we could see this, we should not be so ready to think that these more prosperous and better days came too soon, or were too bright when they came.

We, who are now privileged to address the readers of the *London Saturday Journal*, have ourselves been regarded as a silver-spoon man by many of the friends and associates of our boyhood. Not that we have attained to any positive eminence among men, but that our circumstances and employments are in strong contrast to those of our early life; and the stronger such contrast is, the stronger at all times will be the disposition to attribute the alteration to happy chances, or to a peculiarly happy tact in bending circumstances, or in bending to them. We see no reason to imagine that the most destitute reader of this Journal has experienced circumstances of greater destitution than ourselves, or has been less favourably situated for the improvement of his mind, or his personal circumstances. The very worst of the discomforts and privations which the poorest and most destitute are obliged to bear, formed but the least portion of our discouragements and difficulties: and while it is denied that they were overcome through fortunate chances, it is admitted that there is no man to whom victories more signal are not open, if he will but fight for them.

Our own prevailing desire in early life was to gratify a strong thirst for knowledge, under circumstances of physical obstruction which made it difficult to procure books, while books were soon rendered the only means by which that knowledge could be obtained. Almost the earliest thing we can remember, is, that we were the possessor of an ingenious cabinet of our own manufacture, being a box six inches long, by about four in breadth and depth, made of deal board nearly an inch thick, secured by a hasp of shoemaker's thread, a staple of wire, and the padlock of a stable door. Through the kindness of one whose kindness availed not in the cloudy and dark days which came after, and through much abstinence of our own from apples, gingerbread, and barley-sugar, this box was stored with a very extensive collection of halfpenny, penny, and two-penny books. There was Cock Robin and the House that Jack Built; Cinderella and Goody Two-Shoes; the Giant-killer and King Pippin; with many other works of less note, the very names of which have escaped our recollection. These, certainly, were not works of the most informing description; but on the same principle that the "sports of children satisfy the child," exciting and amusing reading of this sort, in the want of something more fitted to the use, forms an early love of reading, the value of which in maturer years cannot be too highly estimated. The sanguine hope and expectation with which we look forward to the doings and conduct of the rising generation, is principally founded on the consideration of the happier auspices under which their minds have been formed. During the first fifteen or twenty years of this century, such as

those in the above enumeration, were the only books a child could purchase with his pence; and even of these the best were always the most difficult to procure. Five shops were ransacked for a copy of King Pippin; but the rest, any of the shops could have supplied. Now, one or two pence will purchase a large quantity of interesting and useful literature. Children have now an extensive literature of their own, their larger volumes, their little books, their annuals, their magazines; * and to speak of those tiny books which children more especially delight to possess, the stupid things with which our own early childhood was obliged to be satisfied, are in the course of being rapidly superseded by others perhaps not less attractive, and certainly far more useful—far more healthily stimulative of the new-born appetite.

Here, then, was at the very first outset, in those days, a difficulty, which—apart from any difficulties of personal position—required something more than all the “silver spoons” in Cornhill, and something more than a concentration of all the “luckiest chances” in the lottery of life, to overcome.

In like manner, in later years, the entire absence of cheap publications, and hence the absolute want, in the homes of working people, of useful books, which they might lend to a poor seeker after knowledge, while the absence of proper lending libraries, precluded even those who could afford to spare a few weekly pence from any other resource than the novel and romance,—were circumstances necessarily continuing the same class of obstacles which required far other endowments than “luck” to overcome. Yet they were overcome; not, though we say it ourselves, by any desultory efforts of what is termed genius or ability, but simply by perseverance. The knowledge we are now master of, has placed and sustained us in a situation of life far superior to the most sanguine hopes of our early years.

This argument appears so self-evident, that we should deem the statement of it a work of perfect supererogation, were it not that we have had some strong experience in the case of others and in our own, that there is often too much of a disposition to remember nothing but the “luck” of the successful, to forget the long and weary years they had to wait before they could find the doors of knowledge open to them,—how long they were excluded from the feast, yet fainting not, but diligently gathered up the crumbs which fell from the table,—and how very often, in those their self-guided days, they found only stones and unprofitable things, where they had sought the bread of true knowledge with hunger that might not be appeased. Yet there is much in this of the history of hundreds whom their old companions regard only as “fortunate.” But this is no marvel; for those who do not like to *think* must very often be unjust.

* It is worthy of notice that the first low-priced magazines were appropriated to the service of children. The Child's Companion, Children's Friend, Teacher's Offering, Tract Magazine, and many others, were established a long while before any decided attempt was made to furnish the general public with cheap periodicals. The above were all religious publications, but contained a great deal of general information.

THE GULF STREAM.

THE remarkable current between the Bahamas and the American coast, called by navigators the *Gulf Stream*, is that which passes through the Gulf of Florida, running to the north-east with considerable velocity. It crosses the Atlantic in an easterly direction, sweeps along the shores of the Azores, and turns towards the straits of Gibraltar and the island of Madeira. Its track across the Western Ocean may always be distinguished by the high temperature of the waters, their deep blue colour, the quantity of sea-weed floating on their surface, and by the heat of the surrounding atmosphere. The steadiness with which substances thrown into this stream are carried onward in its course, is strikingly illustrated by the recorded fact, that towards the close of the fifteenth century, before Europeans were acquainted with the existence of America, two bodies of an unknown race of men were cast on the shores of the Azores, and pieces of the indigenous cane of the West Indies were brought by the same current to the little island of Porto Santo. These circumstances are said to have strengthened Columbus in his conclusions with respect to the existence of a Western Continent, and to have led to his subsequent important discovery of the New World.

A TALE OF LA VENDEE.

THE war in La Vendée, the insurrection of the peasants of that devoted district against the authority of the Convention, their determined stand in defence of the monarchy, was one of the most remarkable events which occurred during the progress of the French Revolution, and it has been surrounded with tenfold interest by the publication of the memoirs of the celebrated Madame de La Rochejaquelin, whose unparalleled adventures and sufferings fill the mind of the reader with astonishment and sympathy.

The district usually denominated La Vendée, comprises more than is strictly entitled to that name; the prominent part which the Vendéans, properly so called, took in the contest, caused the term to be extended to the whole tract of country to the south of the Loire, which engaged in the contest. It consists of that part of Poitou called the Pays du Bocage, (the woodlands) part of Anjou and of the Comté Maitais, or, according to the modern division of the country into departments, of parts of the Lower Loire, Maine and Loire, and the two Sèvres and La Vendée.

The district nearly approached the sea coast on the west and south, but a narrow tract on each of those boundaries adhered to the Convention, and thus La Vendée was entirely surrounded by a hostile country, except on the side of Brittany, where the inhabitants were also favourable to the Royal cause, and there the Loire intervened.

The country is peculiar in its character, consisting of low hills and narrow valleys, few eminences rising to a height sufficient to command an extended view. It was traversed by only one great road, that leading from Nantes to Rochelle, and was intersected by numberless cross roads of the most wretched description, forming such a labyrinth that the inhabitants themselves were puzzled if they went far from home. Woods and forests occurred here and there, although of no great extent, but the whole was scattered with trees, in clumps and hedge-rows, and thence obtained the name of Bocage. Every valley possessed its little rill, which, increasing in its onward course, swelled into considerable streams, as they approached the coast.

The inhabitants held but little communication with their neighbours, and lived among themselves in a state of almost patriarchal simplicity. Their chief wealth was in their cattle, and the produce of the soil and their rents were generally paid in kind. The seigneur and his tenants lived in a state of friendly intercourse, in which all the good, and but little of the evil, of the feudal relation of lord and vassal was experienced.

It is not surprising that a sudden change in the government, arbitrary and oppressive decrees emanating from an unacknowledged and unaccustomed authority, could not be acceptable to a rural population who had never felt, and consequently could not sympathise with, the grievances which had excited the rest of the nation to madness. The first decrees of the Convention establishing a national guard were unwillingly submitted to by the Vendéans, but the seigneur was elected captain of the troop in every parish. The next step, the deprivation of all the clergy who refused to take the national oath, produced the first display of open opposition; the people assembled in arms to bear mass performed by their old teachers in the open fields, and on several occasions resisted the attempts made to disperse them; the churches were deserted, and the new clergy were so much detested that one of them who wished to celebrate the mass, could not find one person in a parish containing 4000 souls, who would afford him the means of lighting a taper.

The attempt to levy the conscription at length drove them into open resistance. On the 10th March 1793 the drawing of the conscription was appointed to commence at St. Florens in Anjou. The young men attended and refused to submit; they were attacked by the *gens-d'armes*, and a piece of cannon was brought out against them. They drove off the *gens-d'armes* and captured the gun. On that very day two troops were raised, one by Cathelineau, a dealer in wool, and the other by Foret, a countryman. A third was shortly raised by Stofflet, a German who had been for sixteen years a soldier, and was then gamekeeper to the Marquis de Maulevrier. After gaining several advantages over scattered bodies of republican troops, they returned to their homes to keep the feast of Easter, but they re-assembled immediately after, and demanded of the chief gentlemen of the country that they would become their leaders. D'Eiibé, Bonchamp, Royraud, Joly, and Lescure (the first husband of Madame de La Rochejaquelin), were thus called upon. The celebrated La Charette raised a troop, and Henri de La Rochejaquelin, a young man of twenty, who had been one of the king's constitutional guard, and had escaped almost miraculously from the massacre of the 10th of August, raised the peasants on his estates, and addressed them in these memorable words: “Friends!—if my father was here, you would have confidence in him. I am only a boy; but by my courage I will show myself worthy of commanding you. If I advance, follow me! If I give way, kill me—if I fall, revenge me.”

Their success was such as to create the greatest alarm, and the Convention passed a decree of extermination against this ill-fated country, which was executed to the letter. The resistance of the Vendéans was most obstinate, and

they obtained repeated victories over the republican troops, but they could not ultimately withstand the overwhelming forces brought against them. General Turreau, who put the finishing hand to the destruction of la Vendée, after noticing his instructions "to exterminate the Vendéans, to destroy their hiding-places, to burn their woods, to cut down their crops," adds, "and in fine the land was utterly laid waste, and nothing left in this populous country but heaps of dead bodies, of ruins and of ashes, the frightful monuments of national vengeance."

The horrors of this war, in which no quarter was given on either side, in which even boys of twelve years old bore arms, in which women and children were massacred in cold blood by the republicans wherever they were met with, are detailed in the *Memoirs of Madame de Larochefoucauld*, who accompanied her husband secure throughout all the marches and countermarches of the army till his death. She subsequently married Louis de Larochefoucauld, the brother of Henri. During the hundred days, on Napoleon's return from Elba, Louis headed the second insurrection in La Vendée, and fell in battle.

The dreadful character of the war animated the whole population with a determination and a devotion to the cause, which is seldom exhibited in a popular outbreak, and serves to explain some circumstances in the tale to which these remarks are introductory, which might otherwise appear forced and unnatural. Turreau complains that he could never procure any information as to the proceedings of the Vendéans, and that if any of them ever consented to act as spies, they in every instance either betrayed or trifled with him.

The stern virtue which animated the whole mass of the people is well illustrated by the following authentic anecdote of Joly, one of their leaders.

He had two sons, one of whom was an officer in the republican army. When the insurrection took place, and he learned that his father and brother were engaged in it, he naturally desired to join them; but, aware of his father's character, he did not dare to do so, without obtaining his consent. Joly sent him word that he would pistol him with his own hand, if he deserted his colours. In one of the many engagements which took place, the father found himself opposed to the troops among whom his son was numbered. That day deprived Joly of both his children; the Vendéans were victorious, and on searching the field of battle, both the brothers were found among the slain, and were buried in one grave. Joly was sitting that evening overwhelmed with grief, when two young men, prisoners, were brought to him for sentence. "Let the poor boys live," he said; "their death cannot restore my sons."

We fear we have been too garrulous, and that our preface has become tedious. We will no longer try our readers' patience, but proceed at once to our TALE OF LA VENDEE.

THE night was dark and stormy, the wind raged among the branches of the forest, and the icy rain of a December night drenched the clothes, and chilled the blood of two sentinels, who kept watch beneath the chestnut-trees, at a spot where two forest-paths met. They had long watched in silence, when the younger thus addressed his companion:—"It is a bitter night, Francis, to keep guard in. The north-east wind freezes our hands and feet." "What would you have, Andrew?" replied his brother; "it is our duty. If our good king had not been murdered, should not we have been in his service, and obliged to keep guard at the palace, and in the field? Why do you grumble at doing the same thing out of devotion to the good cause?"

"I was not grumbling, Francis, but I should like to know why we have been fixed here, like the trees, ever since nine?"

"Our captain told me, this morning, that he needed two brave men to guard a dangerous post, and that he had fixed on me for one. I told him I was ready, and that you would bear me company; and here we are."

"Well, well, but what are we here for? What are we to do? Whom are we waiting for?"

"Andrew," continued Francis, drawing closer to his brother, "we are watching over the safety of an officer, who is to-night on his road to La Chaponnière, to attend a general meeting there. Now you know as much as I do. Silence and attention! we are the advanced guard, and the least noise may betray us to the republicans' patriots."

Another hour elapsed, during which no word was spoken by the shivering sentinels, who sheltered themselves as well as they could beneath the trees, when at length a step was heard; both shouldered their arms, and Francis stepped forward to reconnoitre. "Who goes there?" he exclaimed.

"For God and the king," answered one of the travellers, in a loud voice, and in a foreign accent.

"Pass on, Monsieur Stofflet," replied the sentinel, presenting arms to the commander-in-chief, "pass on, I know your voice."

"There," said Stofflet to his companion, "you see that German is worth something in La Vendée, my dear baron."

"Since I have had the honour of serving under you, general, I have received so many proofs of it, that I should be as ready to doubt of it as of the existence of a God."

"You are a flatterer, baron, but as you only flatter a poor game-keeper, I hope Heaven may forgive you."

Turning to Francis, who, like an old soldier, had shouldered his piece, and remained motionless, the general beckoned him to approach, and demanded of him how far it was to La Chaponnière.

"Only a short league, general," replied the sentinel. "And you have seen nothing? The blues have sent out no patrols on this side to-night?" inquired the general.

"We have neither seen nor heard anything."

"That is well, your watch is ended, and you may go home to bed; but first take a little brandy with us, it will warm your hearts; the abbé carries the bottle in the same pocket as his breviary."

During this conversation a fourth person had come up, panting, and almost overpowered by fatigue. "Come along, Monsieur Bernier," cried the general, with that hoarse laugh, by which he was so well known among the Vendéans, "Come along! If it took you as long to prepare a diplomatic note, or a proclamation, as to make your way through by-paths, to escape an enemy, you would never have been chosen secretary-general of the catholic army. You are a regular tortoise, and upon my soul, your lagging has two or three times nearly made us fall into the hands of the blues."

Without replying a word, the abbé leant against a tree, but handed over the bottle, which Stofflet had asked for. The general took a draught, and passed it to Francis, who in turn gave it to Baron Lichtenningen.

"Well, now to you, abbé," said the general, "you seem more in need of it than any of us."

"Pardon me, general," replied the aged curé of Angers, with a calm and dignified air, "pardon me, it is past midnight, and in a few hours I shall offer the holy sacrifice of the mass for the success of our cause."

These words checked Stofflet, who was about to utter a jest; the better to conceal it, he turned round to Francis, and said, "you look like a brave man. You are not too fatigued to go on with us to the farm-house, where we are expected?"

"If I were, Monsieur Stofflet, I should still find strength enough to follow you."

"Well, give your arm to Monsieur l'abbé Bernier, who is not so well accustomed to forest-paths and cross-roads, as the Comte de Colbert's game-keeper. I shall reward you, and possibly tomorrow, by leading you to fight the republicans at my side."

"I desire nothing better, general; but I am not single on this post. My brother is here, who, if you will permit him, will be as ready to follow you as I am. Andrew," continued he in a low voice, "Andrew, come here."

Andrew did not reply.

"This is strange," said Francis, "he was there when you came up."

"And he went away, I suppose, when he heard me say you need not remain longer. He has done quite right. You will see him in the morning."

So saying, General Stofflet, accompanied by his aide-de-camp, and the abbé Bernier, supported by Francis, proceeded through dreadful paths, plunging through ruts and pools of water, which they had no time to turn away from; and at length, covered with mud, pierced with cold, and drenched with rain, they reached La Chaponnière.

The farmer was still up; a bright fire of heath burned, upon the hearth, and at the end of a long table of chestnut-wood, smoked a large vessel filled with a stew of bacon and greens, the smell of which filled the whole apartment, where several officers were already waiting for their chief.

The abbé Bernier drew the farmer aside. "Within four hours," said he, "two generals of our army will be here, to confer with Stofflet, like these gentlemen. Nobody, not even those who have been waiting for us here, know that they are expected. Your house, it is true, is safe; it is hidden, as it were, in the midst of the forest. But, nevertheless, we must keep a good watch against any surprise of the blues; for on the interview of to-morrow morning depends perhaps the destiny of the catholic and royal army."

"Come, come, abbé," cried Stofflet, who, with his officers, was already doing ample justice to the provisions of his host, "although you cannot sup with us, there is no reason why you should not warm yourself by this fire, and thaw your frozen limbs; or why you

should busy yourself with giving signs and counter-signs to this good man, as if you had exchanged your cocked hat for a helmet."

"General," replied the abbé, "God has not interdicted us from exercising prudence. I am doing the best both for you and these gentlemen. I am making arrangements to prevent any surprise, or that at least no traitor may slip in among us."

"Still the same, my friend; ever in dread of spies and surprises. You think all the world is as black as your cassock. For my part, I'm glad I do not hold the same opinion."

"You are in the wrong, general. When the whole fabric of religion and monarchy depend on the safety of a few individuals, no means must be neglected to provide for their security. You are good in war, my dear Stofflet, but, out of the battle-field, you know not how to protect yourself."

"I do not deserve your reproaches, my friend; for in truth I should be as little pleased as you to fall into an ambuscade, to die without fighting these republicans, cut off by a musket-ball, or on the scaffold. But there seems nothing to fear here. Coulon, my secretary, has recommended this place, and this honest man; and why the devil do you wish to frighten us away?"

"I cannot tell," said Bernier, covering his face with his hands, "I cannot tell." Then after a few minutes of silence a sudden idea struck him, and stepping towards Francis, who, with the rest, was busy at the supper-table, he laid his hand on his shoulder.

"Young man," said he, "I think you said that two were stationed at the spot where the general met you?"

"Yes," replied Francis, "two of us were on guard; my brother Andrew and myself. The captain of our parish placed us there, and confided to me the pass-word and the secret."

"Why not to your brother also?" said the abbé, keeping his eyes fixed on the open countenance of Francis.

"Oh! I was going to tell you. Andrew, although he is as brave as a lion, is sometimes indiscreet."

"And to whom does he tell his secrets?"

"Oh! to his comrades, Monsieur Bernier, to the villagers, all like us, under the royal standard."

"To no others?"

"But, abbé," began Stofflet, "what is the use of interrogating this poor boy, who would certainly much prefer eating his supper to replying to all the idle questions you shower upon him?"

"My inquiries are both for his interest and yours; I beg you will not again interrupt me. When did your brother leave you out there in the forest?"

"Andrew left me as soon as you came up. The general said our service was no longer necessary. As my brother was on the other side of the road, he thought I was following him, and went away."

The abbé, muttering some unintelligible words, retired to the large old-fashioned chimney, and sitting down began to read his breviary; but first he said, "I would recommend you, gentlemen, to snatch an hour or two's repose. Who knows if you will find so favourable an opportunity to-morrow!"

"Truly," whispered the Baron Lichteningen to the general, "these are the first sensible words the abbé has uttered to-day."

"Comrades," said Stofflet, "let us take the abbé's advice, and whilst he is praying for us, let us sleep for him."

In a few minutes all who had been sitting at the table with Stofflet were asleep, with the exception of Francis, who, disturbed at the questions of the abbé, approached him, and requested him to explain his reasons.

"My child," said the abbé, "I am far from believing your brother to be a traitor; God preserve me from condemning my neighbour without proof; but I, all that are here, are burdened with a fearful responsibility. In three or four hours, all the principal chiefs of the Vendean army will be assembled under this roof, for the purpose of arranging a movement on which the glory, and perhaps the pacification of the country, depends; if this meeting does not take place, if Stofflet, or the generals who are on the road, passing through the woods without any escort, should be betrayed to the blues, think what a reckoning he will owe to his country, who has traitorously, or even only indiscreetly, revealed so important a secret!"

"But, sir, my brother is incapable of treachery; he has returned to the farm,—and if you would only give the word, I would go there."

"My good Francis," cried Monsieur Bernier, "Heaven has inspired you with that thought. Go quickly, and return yet more swiftly; please God, you will find Andrew with his family."

Francis set out, and the abbé, still troubled by anxious doubts, began again to peruse his breviary.

Francis took the nearest road to his father's house, and crossed fields, hedges, swamps, and ditches; but nothing stopped his course, so anxious was he to remove the doubts entertained by Monsieur Bernier. He had gone a considerable distance, when he was astonished at the appearance of several lights, which appeared to come towards him, and to be proceeding in the direction of La Chaponnière. He stepped aside, and concealed himself behind a bush, through which he had a full view of a body of republican soldiers, who, carrying lanterns, were advancing under the guidance of a countryman, who marched at their head. They passed close to Francis, who, with a thrill of horror, recognised Andrew, in the leader. There he was, with his Vendean musket, his white cockade, and his sacred scapulary, his hands at liberty, and his head erect.

There could be no doubt as to the object of these troops; and as swift as an arrow Francis retraced the road to La Chaponnière, and sank breathless at the feet of M. Bernier.

"Save yourselves!" he cried; "save the general! my brother is a traitor!"

"I felt a presentiment that it was so," said the abbé. "General—gentlemen—rouse yourselves!" he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder; "arouse, for we are surprised!"

Stofflet, Lichteningen, and the other officers, sprang to their arms. "Where is the enemy? Where is the enemy?" repeated the general.

"The enemy is not here," replied Francis, in tears; "but he will not be long, for I am but a few minutes in advance. Fly."

"Where shall we fly to?" cried all at once.

"Precautions have been already taken," replied the abbé, with admirable coolness, "taken whilst you were sleeping. Our honest host has prepared a place of concealment; let us follow him."

They went forth under the guidance of the farmer, the abbé walking at their head, leaning on the arm of Francis, who wept and trembled. In about an hour they reached a cottage, where their host assured them they were safe from pursuit.

Francis was plunged in mournful reverie, when Stofflet approached him. "Give me your hand," said he, "your brother is a coward, but you have courage enough for two. You have saved La Vendée and your family from the most horrible crime. I am proud to embrace you. Come, cheer up! But remember, if Andrew ever falls into my hands, whilst I am in power, his last hour is come. Traitors cannot be suffered to exist on the soil of La Vendée; and if by any chance he is taken, a musket ball at five paces will finish his account. I love the son of the Comte de Colbert, who has been my protector, my father; well, if it were possible that M. de Colbert could be placed in such a position as Andrew's, I would not pardon even him!"

"I will repeat all this to my brother," murmured poor Francis, sobbing. "I promise it to you, I swear it to you. Heaven must decide the rest."

"Gentlemen," continued Stofflet, turning to the rest, "here we are on the brink of danger; but M. de Charette, M. de Marigny, who were to join us this morning at La Chaponnière, will infallibly fall headlong over the precipice, from which we have escaped, through the especial goodness of God. They must be warned at all hazards; we must—"

"That is already cared for, general," replied the abbé, "they are in no danger. Our host's two sons set off to them with letters, which I wrote to them in your name, whilst Francis was gone in search of his brother. My fears were too strong for my patience, and it is happy that they were so."

"Capital, my dear abbé! If Lichteningen was not here, I should say you were the cleverest aide-de-camp that ever belonged to a general's staff."

Francis and the farmer now retraced their steps towards the farm-house; but when they reached La Chaponnière, not one stone was left upon another. A few hours had sufficed to destroy the house, to burn the barns, stacks, and granaries, and to slaughter and mutilate the cattle. A cry of horror burst from the poor farmer, who called aloud upon his children. No voice replied. A scornful laugh, which issued from a shed spared by the conflagration, was the only answer to his piteous lamentation; the farmer sprang towards the door, but ere he reached it, a shot laid him dead upon the ruins of his homestead.

At seven o'clock that morning, Francis was sitting by the fire, which his old mother was occupied in tending and exciting to a flame. His mind was agitated by the most dreadful thoughts; he had not spoken a word since his return; he had not even looked at his parents, and did not seem to hear the questions they reiterated, as to what had become of Andrew. A length, overcome

by their repeated solicitations, he rose, traversed the room with hasty steps, striking his forehead and tearing his hair; at length, with a convulsive effort, he approached his parents.

"Father," cried he, "this night a man of La Vendée, born in this village, under this roof, (but he is no more my brother, he never could have been your son,) this man has sold the life of Stofflet, has sold the life of M. Bernier, has betrayed Messieurs Charette and Marigny, who were on their way to La Chaponnière. That house is a mass of ruins and ashes, on which the blood of its master is yet fresh. I have seen all these crimes committed, and I know their author."

"And have you suffered him to live?" demanded his father.

"He has not received his sentence. But M. Stofflet has told me that if the Comte de Maulevrier, his old master, whom he loves next to God and the king, should (but that is impossible) commit such a crime, he should die by his own hand. Father, in these words the general pronounced Andrew's sentence. To purify our name, hitherto without stain, although lowly, from this foul blot, I must take upon myself the execution of this judgment; and I have come here, before I shall quit this dwelling for ever, to give you and my mother my last salute, and to bid you an eternal adieu."

This dreadful announcement seemed to paralyse the hearers. A mournful silence succeeded, which was only interrupted by the sobbing of the poor mother.

"Wife," said the old Vendéan at length, in a firm voice, "this is no time for tears and sighs. God gave us two sons; one has been taken from us in a cruel manner; but let us bless His name, notwithstanding."

"But oh! unhappy man, what are you about to do?" cried she, in one of those transports of love, which nature explains so well.

"What are we about to do? That which Abraham, at the command of God, would have done upon the mountain, where he made ready to sacrifice Isaac, who was innocent, and had not violated his faith, or been a traitor to his king; that which M. Stofflet would not hesitate to do, if Colbert had betrayed him. Wife, pray for the traitor, if you have courage to do it; for me, I will pray for strength to enable me to do my duty."

And all three fell on their knees.

At this moment the door opened, and Andrew entered with a smiling face, and joy sparkling in his eyes; but his step was unsteady, and his voice betrayed his debauchery and intoxication.

"Mother," stammered he, sitting down on the table, and rapping on it with his fingers, "I am thirsty, give me some wine; you will have plenty of time to say your prayers by-and-bye."

"We are praying for the dead," said Francis, "especially for those slaughtered this morning at La Chaponnière."

These words brought Andrew to his senses; he dreaded lest his brother had conceived suspicions against him; and in a hurried voice he began a tale he had devised to account for his absence.

"Well," said his father, who, still on his knees beside the hearth, had listened to his son; "well, both night and day have been wearisome to all of us, we need repose, and to-morrow we shall see what is to be done."

Happy to have escaped so easily from the inquiries of his family, Andrew retired. His mother, then leaving the spot, where all this time she had bedewed with her tears the chaplet of beads which she rapidly passed through her trembling fingers, approached her husband.

"Perhaps," said she, in a supplicating voice, "Andrew is not so guilty as you suppose. He may have acted only indiscreetly."

"Mother," said Francis, "Andrew has sold his soul to the nation, and General Stofflet to the blues. I saw him acting as their guide, when they were marching to cut our throats. He has received the price of blood; drunkenness is in his brain, and wine sparkles in his eyes. What he has done once he may do again."

"But your suspicions may be unfounded. Will you kill our child? Will you murder your brother?"

"Come with us," said the father, "Andrew is by this time asleep; it may be that his pockets contain further proofs of his crime."

They all ascended the stairs in silent and mournful procession. Andrew slept, or seemed to sleep. The old man began his search, and soon twenty pieces of gold rolled upon the floor from his red girdle. The mother grew pale, and her heart grew sick, as if the gold was for her a sufficient proof of guilt. The father, suppressing his emotion, continued his examination, but when he drew a letter from the pocket of the under waistcoat, Andrew, his forehead covered with cold drops of perspiration, threw himself at his

father's feet. "Father," cried he, "my father, in the name of Heaven, do not read that letter; it is a death-warrant."

"For whom?" said Francis, making his musket ring upon the floor; "is it for La Vendée or for spies? Answer, for the hour of judgment is about to strike."

But Andrew answered not.

"Andrew," continued Francis, "we can learn nothing from this paper, we cannot read; but answer me. Who betrayed the secret of Stofflet to the blues? Who trafficked for his head? Who led the soldiers to the slaughter at La Chaponnière?"

Andrew was silent.

"What is this gold which lies at our feet, not one half of which we could gain by the honest labour of a whole year? Who has polluted this house? What is the recompense of infamy?"

Andrew uttered not a word.

After some minutes of mournful silence, the mother, obeying the signal of her husband, covering her face with her apron, slowly quitted this place of horror. When she had reached the bottom of the stairs, the old man advanced towards his son, whose clasped hands trembled, and whose haggard eyes dared not to look upon his father or his brother.

"There have never been either traitors or spies in our family, and such there shall not be whilst I live. Andrew, collect yourself, confess your sins, and pray to God for that pardon which your father can never give you on earth; pray as we three prayed for the guilty, when Providence conducted you to the house; pray! for when you have performed that act of penitence, I shall have only one son."

Then with the majestic sorrow of a judge, who in the name of society has condemned a criminal to death, the old man remained with folded arms and steady countenance, betraying no traces of emotion.

Francis, with his musket still in his hand, now approached Andrew, whose livid face was marked by terror and remorse.

"Brother," said he, "recommend your soul to God, repent of your great crime, and since you cannot live an honest man, at least die like a Christian."

"I will die so, my father, if Heaven grant me grace," replied Andrew, whose teeth chattered together; "I am guilty towards you, whose name I have disgraced; towards La Vendée, whose trust I have betrayed. I am still more guilty than you think me, but grant me no favour; for I feel that I am still weak, and that for gold or wicked pleasures I should barter my soul."

"Back, Francis!" said the father; "leave him the few minutes he has to live, to make his peace with God."

"It is made, my father," said the criminal, rising, with a face full of serenity; "I deserve death, I am ready to receive it at your hands."

That moment a terrible report resounded through the house.

"He died a brave man and a Christian!" cried the old man. "Francis, let us go down and comfort your mother."

It was unnecessary. At the bottom of the stairs they found a corpse; the stroke of grief had rendered them a widower and an orphan.

Forty-eight hours had elapsed since that terrible night. Stofflet was in his tent, preparing with his staff the plan of the battle about to take place the next day, when the Baron de Lichteningen introduced two peasants. The younger threw himself at the feet of the general.

"Monsieur Stofflet," he said, in an agitated voice, "my father and myself have put to death the man who betrayed you at La Chaponnière; he has experienced the same fate as you declared yourself ready to inflict on your best friend in such a case. The wretched man was to us even something more, for this is his father, and his brother is at your feet. Together with some pieces of gold, the fruit of his perfidy, we found this paper; I have brought it to you, Monsieur Stofflet; the only favour left us to request after such a deed, is to be placed to-morrow in the foremost rank, and to die on the field of battle."

"To-morrow, then," said the general, who covered his eyes with his large hand to conceal the tears which flowed from them—"to-morrow;" and the father and son left the tent with less of gloom than they had entered it.

"Let M. le Abbé Bernier be called immediately," said Stofflet. After glancing over the letter which had been placed in his hands—"Gentlemen," he said, "these men who were here just now have saved the army, whose safety would have been endangered if this letter had reached its destination. I am, therefore, bound to pardon their savage virtue, as I trust God will pardon

them. We shall find them in the thick of the battle to-morrow, for they are not men to survive their first field."

As they had hoped, and the general had foretold, so it happened, and the next day both lay dead side by side on the field of battle, pierced through and through with innumerable wounds.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE RUSSIAN PRESS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the "Journal des Débats," who states that he is well acquainted with Russia, gives an account of the character of the Press in that empire, and an enumeration of the various Periodicals published. The following is an abridgment of his account:—

"During a long time all the literary exertions of the Russian empire were concentrated in St. Petersburg and Moscow. The provinces contented themselves with reading the productions of those two capitals, but without producing anything themselves. The foundation of universities, academies, and different establishments for public instruction, added to the natural development of civilisation, has, within the last two years, changed vastly this order of things.

"In the year 1838, upwards of 100 papers and periodical publications were published in the Russian, French, Polish, and German languages, and even in that commonly spoken in the provinces bordering on the Baltic. The principal centres whence these publications emanate are, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Kieff, Kasan, Dorpat, Jaroslaw, Odessa, Wilna, Archangel, Witpeck, Wladimir, Velogda, Jitomir, Woronesk, Viatka, Grodno, Ekaterinoslav, Kaluga, Rastroma, Minsk, Mittau, Novogorod, &c. These towns, consequently, are considered as the centres of the intellectual movement in Russia.

"This development of the periodical press is entirely owing to the Government, without whose protection, or at least permission, nothing can prosper in the empire. It may, therefore, be easily imagined that the character of this press is essentially different from that of most part of the daily newspapers of other countries, and approaches nearer to that of the official journals and literary or scientific publications of France. It is very rare to find in the Russian papers any political discussion. They often content themselves with the simple relation of facts. But it must not be thought that the Russians remain in invincible ignorance of political discussions, because their own journals are not in the habit of informing them on such matters. The knowledge of foreign languages, so common among the Russians, renders the perusal of the French and German papers as easy to them as their own.

"Each Ministry has its journal, destined to keep the public acquainted with everything relative to its peculiar department of the government. The price of subscription never exceeds thirty francs, and is often only fifteen francs (12s. 6d., British) per annum, the government contenting itself merely with the return of the mere expense of the publication. Every one can easily procure the paper most interesting to him. The following are the names which I shall content myself with citing:—The Journal of the Ministry of Instruction, the Journal of the Ministry of the Interior, the Military Journal, the Journal of Manufactures, Mining Journal, Engineering Memoirs, Journal of Military Surgeons, Journal of Ways of Communication (bridges and roads), Journal of Forests, Commercial Gazette, Agricultural Gazette, and Gazette of the Senate.

"The most interesting of all these papers is that of the 'Ministry of Instruction;' it appears every month, and contains documents relative to the progress and to the direction of the public instruction of the country. It publishes, besides the official acts, articles, original or translated, upon scientific or literary subjects, as well as details of the learned associations and establishments of education, (public and private,) both in Russia and abroad. There are also critiques upon new works, Russian or European, worthy of attention; notices of travels and discoveries; in short, everything interesting to the learned world. The university professors are the principal contributors to it; but a great number of foreign correspondents supply it with intelligence concerning the rest of Europe. This journal, to which I am not afraid of awarding too much honour by placing it at the head of all others, has several thousand subscribers.

"The 'Gazette of St. Petersburg,' published by the Imperial Academy of Sciences, is not, as may be supposed, an entirely scientific journal. It appears every day, and treats of all things interesting to the public. The 'Russian Invalid' is a gazette

which appears every day, and which treats especially of things concerning the army. The 'Literary Supplement to the Russian Invalid' is a literary publication, exclusively devoted to the criticism of plays and works in general.

"The most widely circulated daily paper in Russia, is the 'Northern Bee,' conducted by Messrs. Gretsch and Bulgarine; the former has acquired some celebrity in Russia for his Russian grammar, and the latter by his romances, some of which have been translated into French.

"The 'Northern Bee' was the first daily paper published in Russia. Until its appearance the want of such prompt publication was not felt. This paper is nearly what we understand in France by a daily paper. It gives political and literary news, foreign and domestic, analyses of new works, &c.

"The 'Contemporary,' founded by the poet Poushchine, is a sort of review, appearing quarterly, and often contains remarkable articles on the history of Russian literature. The 'Son of the Country,' edited for the last twenty-five years by M. Gretsch, is a monthly review, in which are to be found pieces in prose and verse of the best known authors, articles translated or extracted from the principal reviews of England and France, literary and political critiques, and a very well written historical summary.

"The 'Literary Library,' edited on the same plan by M. Senkowsky, a distinguished oriental linguist, has probably the most extensive circulation of all the Russian publications, and is peculiarly remarkable for the witty composition of its literary bulletin.

"The 'Gazette of the Arts,' edited by M. Koucolnik, the author of several esteemed tragedies, appears forty-eight times a-year, with 100 engravings, executed by French and German artists.

"The 'Children's Journal,' commenced by M. Bachoutsky, appears monthly, and publishes beautiful vignettes, designs, and pieces of music. M. Bachoutsky is also the editor of the 'Journal of Useful Knowledge,' published on the plan of the French work of that name.

"The 'Friend of Health,' a medical journal, treats of all questions connected with medical science, and regularly acquaints its readers with their progress in England, France, Germany, and Italy.

"The oldest journal published in Moscow is the 'Muscovite Observer.' The plan of the 'Revue des Deux Mondes' of Paris will give you an idea of that on which this journal is conducted; it appears monthly. The 'Moscow Gazette' comes out twice a-week, and contains a summary of the events published in other papers. It has great circulation, and 9,000 subscribers. The monopoly of advertisements which it enjoys imparts to it a peculiar degree of interest. The receipts from advertisements alone amount to between 300,000 and 400,000 roubles per annum, and are applied to the support of the Moscow University. Agriculture being a much more important matter in the provinces adjoining that city than in the vicinity of St. Petersburg, the publications relative to agricultural sciences have their principal seat in Moscow, where no fewer than four publications of the kind appear regularly, accompanied with plates. These are, the 'Agricultural Journal,' the 'Russian Farmer,' the 'Horticulturists' Journal,' and the 'Shepherds' Journal.'

"The cities of Odessa, Wilna, and Teflis, have each a journal, which derive their principal interest from their geographical position. Thus the 'Odessa Courier' anticipates all the other journals in its intelligence from Constantinople, the Black Sea, and Asia in general. The 'Transcaucasian Courier' publishes the best information from Caucasus, and most valuable information respecting the provinces of that region of the empire, which are so interesting, and have hitherto been so little known.

"Finally, the professors of the University of Kasan also publish a journal. This University, placed as an intermediate station between Europe and Asia, and intended, as it were, to form a link between both continents, is the establishment most specially adapted to the study of Oriental sciences in the whole empire. Its character, reflected in the journal it publishes, is on that account highly valuable for those who are, or desire to be, occupied with Eastern matters.

"All the journals mentioned are in the Russian language.

"There are, besides, as I have already stated, several published in French;—namely, in St. Petersburg, the 'Political and Literary Journal,' appearing three times a-week; the 'Scientific Bulletin of the Academy of Sciences;' the 'Journal of the Ways of Communication;' the 'Foreign Review;' in Moscow, the 'Scientific Bulletin of the Society of Natural History;' and at Odessa, the 'Odessa Journal,' and the 'Bulletin of Rural Economy.'

"A greater number of journals are published in German, a fact which is accounted for by that language being spoken in several provinces of the empire. There are no fewer than 20 German journals. Four more are published in the *Lette* language—three at Riga, and one at Mittau.

"There exist no circulating libraries, except in the capitals and other large cities; the readers, therefore, who wish to know the merit of a work before they buy it, are in the habit of carefully consulting all the journals, in which they expect to find the necessary information to enable them to judge of its merits. The journals are thus invested with a sort of magistracy and a confidence, which their interest, as well as reputation, make it a point with them to deserve.

"The 'Northern Bee' is the journal most esteemed, on account of its criticism; and the 'Literary Library' the most dreaded, because of the severity of its judgments and the sarcastic style of its writers. The 'Literary Library' is the representative in Russia of English ideas. It endeavours as much as possible to treat matters with a view to public utility, and generally avoids philosophical abstractions. The 'Son of the Country,' on the other hand, is the partisan of German ideas. It belongs to no particular school, but it indulges in metaphysical speculations, and takes a philosophical view of all the questions it examines."

ANECDOTES OF PORSON.

MANY men, remarkable in their time, whose merits or whose fame have excited wonder and admiration,—whose talents or success have been sources of emulation or envy,—whose society and correspondence have been sedulously courted and anxiously sought after during their lives, and their praises celebrated after their deaths,—do soon, after all, pass into a kind of oblivion. Their biographies may be too meagre for standard literature—their works may not be adapted for Family Libraries—yet, may they not be popularly exhibited once or twice at least in a century, if it were but to say, such men have been? Saving an occasional stray anecdote or passing remark, many who deserve a better fate are allowed to pass away with the generation they left behind them. Cannot a revival of their virtues still confirm the old, or an exhibition of their follies be yet a warning to the young? How many good names might be preserved from obscurity if it were but by stringing together a few anecdotes of them, and thus, as it were, now and then making them write their own lives! Of Porson, who has been dead thirty years, little more is known to the tyro of the present generation than that he was merely a Greek Professor, a learned man, a profound scholar, and an eccentric character all his lifetime. There are some incidents in his history, however, that may be read with interest at any time. A few anecdotes of him may not now be unentertaining.

That he was born on Christmas-day, 1759—that he early found a patron who sent him to Eton, and afterwards to Cambridge, where he became Greek Professor—that he died in London on the 19th of September, 1808, in the 49th year of his age, while Librarian of the London Institution, a sinecure situation he had for some years enjoyed—and that he was buried with academic honours at Cambridge—may soon be disposed of. The leading features of his character may be gathered from what follows:

Although his parents were poor, they were persons of sound sense. As soon as young Richard could speak, his father began to tutor him in reading and writing by means of a piece of chalk, or with his finger in sand. This exercise delighting his fancy, an ardour of imitating whatever was put before him was excited to such a degree, that the walls of the house were covered with characters which attracted notice from the neatness and fidelity of delineation, and excellence in penmanship was ever after one of his accomplishments. His father likewise taught him arithmetic without a slate, up to the cube root, before he was nine years of age. His extraordinary memory soon developed itself; he was noticed by several gentlemen in Norfolk, who kept him at school, where he made rapid progress, and read and retained everything that came in his way. The same kind friends sent him to Eton, and subsequently to Cambridge.

At Eton, as he was going to his tutor's to construe a Horace lesson preparatory to the business of school, one of the senior boys took Porson's Horace from him, and thrust into his hands some English book. The tutor called upon him to construe, and the other boys were much amused in considering the figure he would make in this emergency. Porson, however, who had Horace by

heart before he went to Eton, knowing where the lesson was to begin, began without hesitation—

Mercuri facunde, nepos Atlantis—

and went on regularly, first reciting the Latin, and then giving the Latin and English, as if he had really the author before him. The tutor, perceiving some symptoms of astonishment as well as mirth among the other boys, suspected there was something unusual in the affair, and inquired what edition of Horace Porson had in his hand. "I learned the lesson from the Delphin," replied his pupil, avoiding a direct answer. "This is very odd," replied the other, "for you seem to be reading on a different side of the page from myself. Let me see your book." The truth was, of course, then discovered; but the master, instead of showing any displeasure, wisely and kindly observed to the others, that he should be most happy to find any of them acquitting themselves as well in a similar predicament.

Porson used to say that he learnt little at school. Though he would not own it, he was obliged to the collision of a public school for the rapidity with which he increased his knowledge, and the correction of himself by the mistakes of others.

He was in the habit of having the last word, and of seeing everybody and everything out.

He communicated information in a plain, direct, straightforward manner; and used to say, "whether you quote or collate, do it fairly and accurately, whether it be Joe Miller, or Tom Thumb, or the Three Children Sliding on the Ice."

On one occasion he said, "I never remembered anything but what I transcribed three times, or read over *s.x* times, at the least; and if you will do the same you will have as good a memory." He has often said that he had not naturally a good memory, but that what he had obtained in this respect, was the effect of discipline only. His recollection was really wonderful. He has been known to challenge any one to repeat a line or phrase from any of the Greek dramatic writers, and would instantly go on with the context. The Letters of Junius, the Mayor of Garratt, and many favourite compositions, he would repeat *usque ad fastidium*.

Porson by no means excelled in conversation: he neither wrote nor spoke with facility. His elocution was perplexed and embarrassed, except where he was exceedingly intimate; but there were strong indications of intellect in his countenance, and whatever he said was manifestly founded on judgment, sense, and knowledge. Composition was no less difficult to him. Upon one occasion he undertook to write a dozen lines, upon a subject which he had much turned in his mind, and with which he was exceedingly familiar. But the number of erasures and interlineations was so great as to render it hardly legible; yet, when completed, it was, and is, a memorial of his sagacity, acuteness, and erudition.

Porson had a very lofty mind, and was tenacious of his proper dignity. Where he was familiar and intimate, he was exceedingly condescending and good-natured. He was kind to children, and would often play with them; but he was at no pains to conceal his partiality, where there were several in one family. In one which he often visited, there was a little girl, of whom he was exceedingly fond: he often brought her trifling presents, wrote in her books, and distinguished her on every occasion; but she had a brother, to whom, for no assignable reason, he never spoke, nor would in any respect notice. He was also fond of female society, and though too frequently negligent of his person, was of the most obliging manners and behaviour, and would read a play, or recite, or do anything that was required. He was fond of reading the Greek physicians; and, when he lived in the Temple, slept with Galen under his head: not that Galen was his favourite, but because the folio relieved his asthma.

There were blended in Porson very opposite qualities. In some things he appeared to be of the most unshaken firmness; in others he was wayward, capricious, and discovered the weakness of a child. Although, in the former part of his life, more particularly, he would not unfrequently confine himself for days together in his chamber, and not suffer himself to be intruded upon by his most intimate acquaintance, he hardly ever could resist the allurements of social converse, or the late and irregular hours to which they occasionally lead.

That he was friendly to late hours, and generally exhibited Dr. Johnson's reluctance to go to bed, might naturally arise from the circumstance of his being from a child a very bad sleeper. He frequently spent his evenings with the venerable Dean of Westminster, with Dr. Wingfield, with Bennett Langton, and with

another friend in Westminster; yet he hardly ever failed passing some hours afterwards at the Cider Cellar in Maiden Lane.

The above individuals, being all of them very regular in their hours, used to give him to understand that he was not to stay after eleven o'clock, with the exception of Bennett Langton, who suffered him to remain till twelve; corrupted in this instance, perhaps, by Dr. Johnson. But so precise was Porson in this particular, that although he never attempted to exceed the hour limited, he would never stir before. On one occasion, when from some incidental circumstance, the lady of the house gave a gentle hint that she wished him to retire a little earlier, he looked at the clock, and observed, with some quickness, that it wanted a quarter of an hour of eleven.

In the former period of his early residence in the metropolis, the absence of sleep hardly seemed to annoy him. The first evening which he spent with Horne Tooke, he never thought of retiring till the appearance of day gave warning to depart. Horne Tooke, on another occasion, contrived to find out the opportunity of requesting his company, when he knew he had been sitting up the whole of the night before. This, however, made no difference; Porson sat up the second night also till the hour of sunrise.

What shall we call it—waywardness, inconsiderateness, or ungraciousness? but it is a well-known fact, that he spent the day of his marriage with a very learned friend, a judge, without either communicating the circumstance of his change of condition, or attempting to stir till the hour prescribed by the family obliged him to depart.

The following anecdote he would often relate himself with the greatest good humour. He was not remarkably attentive to the decoration of his person; indeed, he was at times disagreeably negligent. On one occasion, he went to visit the above-mentioned learned friend, where a gentleman, who did not know Porson, was waiting in anxious and impatient expectation of the barber. On Porson's entering the library where the gentleman was sitting, he started up, and hastily said to Porson, "Are you the barber?" "No, Sir," replied Porson, "but I am a cunning shaver, much at your service."

When there was considerable fermentation in the literary world on the subject of the supposed Shakespeare manuscripts, and many of the most distinguished individuals had visited Mr. Ireland's house to inspect them, Porson, with a friend, went also. Many persons had been so imposed upon as to be induced to subscribe their names to a form, previously drawn up, avowing their belief in the authenticity of the papers exhibited. Porson was called upon to do so likewise. "No," replied the professor, "I am always very reluctant in subscribing my name, and more particularly to articles of faith."

He had undertaken to make out and copy the almost obliterated MS. of the invaluable Lexicon of Phorius, which he had borrowed from the library of Trinity College, and this he had with unparalleled difficulty just completed, when the beautiful copy, which had cost him ten months of incessant toil, was burnt in the house of Mr. Perry, at Merton. The original, being a *unique* entrusted to him by his college, he carried with him wherever he went, and he was fortunately absent from Merton on the morning of the fire. Unruffled by the loss, he sat down without a murmur, and made a second copy as beautiful as the first.

He was not easily provoked to asperity of language by contradiction in argument, but he once was. A person of some literary pretensions, but who either did not know Porson's value, or neglected to show the estimate of it which it merited, at a dinner party, harassed, teased, and tormented him, till at length he could endure it no longer, and rising from his chair, exclaimed with vehemence, "It is not in the power of thought to conceive, or words to express, the contempt I have for you, Mr. —."

On his being appointed to the Greek professorship, a gentleman who, in his boyish days, had shown him great kindness, and who indeed, being the agent of his first patron, was the dispenser also of that personage's liberality to Porson, wrote him a kind letter of congratulation. At the same time, not being acquainted with the nature of such things, he offered, if a sum of money was required to discharge the fees, or was necessary on his first entrance upon the office, to accommodate him with it. Of this letter Porson took no notice. A second letter was despatched, repeating the same kind offer. Of this also no notice was taken. The gentleman was exasperated, and so far resented the neglect, that it is more than probable his representation of this matter was one of the causes of Porson's losing a very handsome legacy intended for him.

Porson was altogether an eccentric character. He was at times

guilty of that for which a schoolboy would have been soundly flogged. One day he accompanied his friend Beloe in a walk to Highgate: on their return they were overtaken by a most violent rain, and both of them were thoroughly drenched. As soon as they arrived at home, warm and dry garments were prepared for both; but Porson obstinately refused to change his clothes. He drank three glasses of brandy, but sat in his wet apparel all the evening. The exhalations of course were not the most agreeable; but he did not apparently suffer any subsequent inconvenience.

He was exceedingly capricious. He would visit the theatres for many nights together, and leave off all of a sudden. In like manner, after visiting a friend's house for a week or so together, he would abruptly absent himself for as many weeks. He was minute even in trifles, and could tell how many steps it was to a friend's house.

He latterly became a hoarder of money, and when he died had £2000 in the funds. His library, which was valuable, was sold, and brought £1254 18s. 6d.

With all his singularities, Porson was a man of the most inflexible integrity, had an inviolable regard for truth, and possessed the most determined independence. But he would have been a greater had he been a better man.

COMPARATIVE CLAIMS OF RANK AND GENIUS.

Goldsmith one day was complaining in company, that Lord Camden had neglected him. "I met him," he said, "at Lord Clare's house in the country, and he took no more notice of me than if I had been an ordinary man." The company laughed, but Dr. Johnson interfered. "Nay, gentlemen, Dr. Goldsmith is in the right. A nobleman ought to have made up to such a man as Goldsmith; and I think it is much against Lord Camden that he neglected him."

Dr. Johnson treated a nobleman in company with rudeness, affecting not to know him, on account of the plainness of his dress and manner. On the nobleman's departure, he was told who he was—and then he justified himself by asking how was he to know it? what were stars and garters for? Now, that was rudeness without a reason. Speaking of some noblemen he said, "Lord Southwell is the highest-bred man without insolence that I ever was in company with; the most *qualified* I ever saw. So was Lord Chesterfield, but he was insolent. [Chesterfield called Johnson a *respectable* Hottentot.] Lord Shelburne (the second earl, afterwards first marquis of Lansdowne) is a man of coarse manners, but a man of abilities and information. I don't say he is a man I would set at the head of a nation, though perhaps he may be as good as the next prime minister that comes."

Sir Egerton Brydges, a clever, singular, eccentric man, who was almost a monomaniac on the subject of hereditary honours, says,

"I never yet thought that there was any excuse for the insolence of birth; I never dreamed that it was to be set up, but as a protection against insult. I could never pay Burns or Bloomfield one atom less of respect on account of their low origin; nay, to surmount its obstacles, and to have noble thoughts and refined sentiments in the midst of early and habitual poverty and meanness, increased, instead of having diminished, the grounds of admiration for them. If in anything they were entitled to less attention, it was only so far as their *manners partook* of their origin. To look back with complacency on historical ancestors, is no mark of either pride, insolence, or vanity. It is an exercise of intellect and imagination, which it would be strictly and absolutely stupid not to indulge. To be unconcerned for the past, and to feel no interest in those from whom we draw our blood, is a sort of insensibility which approaches to brutal ignorance. And where other qualities are equal, the state which would not prefer those of most illustrious birth is deficient in wisdom and justice."

"An ingenious French writer observes, that those who depend on the merits of their ancestors, may be said to search in the *root* of the tree for those fruits which the branches ought to produce."—*Andrews' Anecdotes*.

LAWS.

The celebrated answer of our old Barons, when it was proposed to introduce some part of the Roman laws, "*Nolimus leges Angliæ mutare*," is by no means so strongly adverse to innovation as an institution of *Charondas*, legislator of Thurium, a city of Magna Græcia. Whoever proposed a new law, was obliged to come into the Senate House with a rope about his neck, and remain in that situation during the debate; if the law was approved, he was set at liberty, but if it was negatived he was immediately strangled*.

* *Died. Sic. Hist. lib. xii.*

DISCOVERY OF AUSTRALIA FELIX.

"We had at length discovered a country ready for the immediate reception of civilised man, and fit to become eventually one of the great nations of the earth. Unincumbered with too much wood, yet possessing enough for all purposes; with an exuberant soil under a temperate climate; bounded by the sea-coast and mighty rivers, and watered abundantly by streams from lofty mountains: this highly interesting region lay before me with all its features new and untouched as they fell from the hand of the Creator! of this Eden it seemed that I was only the Adam; and it was indeed a sort of paradise to me, permitted thus to be the first to explore its mountains and streams—to behold its scenery—to investigate its geological character—and, finally, by my survey, to develop those natural advantages all still unknown to the civilised world, but yet certain to become, at no distant date, of vast importance to a new people. The lofty mountain range which I had seen on the 11th was now before us, but still distant between thirty and forty miles; and as the cattle required rest, I determined on an excursion to its lofty eastern summit.

"We now travelled over a country quite open, slightly undulating, and well covered with grass. To the westward, the noble outline of the Grampians terminated a view extending over vast open plains, fringed with forests, and embellished with lakes. To the northward, appeared other more accessible-looking hills, some being slightly wooded, others green and open to their summits, long grassy valleys and ridges intervening: while to the eastward, the open plain extended as far as the eye could reach. Our way lay between distant ranges, which, in that direction, mingled with the clouds. Thus I had both the open country and the hills within reach, and might choose either for our route, according to the state of the ground, weather, &c. Certainly, a land more favourable for colonisation could not be found. Flocks might be turned out upon its hills, or the plough at once set a-going in the plains. No primeval forests required to be first rooted out there, although there was enough of wood for all purposes of utility, and adorning the country just as much as even a painter could wish. One feature peculiar to that country appeared on these open downs; this consisted of hollows, which, being usually surrounded by a line of "yarra" gum-trees, or white bark eucalyptus, seemed, at a distance, to contain lakes, but instead of water, I found only blocks of vesicular trap, consisting, apparently, of granular felspar, and hornblend rock also appeared in the banks enclosing them. Some of these hollows were of a winding character, as if they had been the remains of ancient water-courses; but if ever currents flowed there, the surface must have undergone considerable alteration since, for the downs where these hollows appeared were elevated at least 900 feet above the sea, and surrounded on all sides by lower ground. There was an appearance of moisture among the rocks in some of the hollows; and whether, by digging a few feet, permanent wells might be made there, may be a question worth attention when colonisation extends to that country."—*Major Mitchell's Expeditions.*

SPEAK THE TRUTH.

The worthy Sir Henry Wotton incurred the displeasure of King James, by a facetious sentence of innocent meaning, that was capable to be interpreted in favour of falsehood—"An ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country." Besides, it is an argument of a cowardly poor spirit, and though it may chance to serve a present turn, yet it enhances the guilt of the crime, and when it is detected makes a man look like a pitiful baffled fellow; whereas the brave and magnanimous person does not sneak, but speaks truth, and is bold as a lion; and this is aptly expressed in the counsel of the divine poet:—

"Dare to be true, nothing can want a lie;

A fault that wants it most grows too thereby."

Epaminondas and Aristides were so tender in this respect that they would not tell a lie so much as in merriment. Equivocal speeches and mental reservations become none, much less great men. Egyptian princes were wont to wear a golden chain, beset with precious stones, which they styled truth, intimating that to be the most illustrious and royal ornament.

PRINTERS' DEVILS.

There are two accounts of the origin of this title. One of them says, there was one Mons. Leville, or Deville, who came over with William the Conqueror, in company with De Laune, De Vau, De Val, De Ashwood, De Uthine, D'Umpod, &c. A descendant of this Monsieur Deville, in the direct line, was taken by the famous Caxton, in 1471, who, proving very expert, became afterwards his apprentice, and in time an eminent printer; from him the order of printer's Devils, or devils, took their names.—The other account says, if they took it from infernal devils, it was not because they were messengers frequently sent in darkness, and appearing as scoffers would suggest, but upon a very reputable account; for John Faust, or Faustus, of Mainz, in Germany, was the first inventor of the art of printing; which art of printing so surprised the world that they thought him a conjuror, and called him Dr. Faustus, and his art the black art. As he kept a constant succession of boys to run errands, who were always very black, some of whom being raised to be his apprentices, and afterwards raised themselves in the world, he was very properly said to have raised many a devil.—*American Paper.*

CUTCH AND THE CUTCHEES.

"Cutch is a small state, under the subsidised protection of the British Government, in the northern extremity of Western India. The Koree, or eastern outlet of the Indus, washes it on the west; the Great Sandy Desert bounds it on the north; and the sea, and Gulf of Cutch, to the south and east. Its length is about 160, and its extreme breadth, 65 miles. The population is estimated at about 400,000. The northern part of the country is an extensive salt morass, called the Ruin, flooded during the rainy season. The soil of the more habitable part is clay, covered with a deep sand. There is little wood, except

brushwood and brambles. Cotton is cultivated to a great extent, and is exported in return for grain, of which a sufficiency is not grown for home consumption.

"The Cutchees are simple in their habits of life; their common food is rice, parched grain, or a few vegetables, cooked with a little ghee, and eaten with cakes of coarse flour; the better sort of people sometimes indulge in curry and sweetmeats. They profess themselves water-drinkers, but are really addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors, which they distil in all the villages from various vegetable productions. They drink also freely of toddy, which is procured in large quantities from the date and the cocoa-nut palm. Opium is prepared by them, and used, both as kusumba, and in its simple state, in large quantities. It seems less injurious, however, than the Turkish drug, and its effects are less perceptible. The men carry the opium in little boxes about their persons, and take it at all times. With this means of refreshment, they are capable of great fatigue, and can journey long and rapidly without food, smoking as they go, and stopping only for a draught of water from the numerous wells. The Cutchees appear to feel respect for the European character, and are obliging in their intercourse with us. Amongst other notions of our superiority, they believe us all to be astrologers and doctors. In both astrology and medicine, however, they have their adepts, and great men never hazard a journey without choosing a favourable conjunction of the planets for their departure. There are no fewer than thirty-five hakeems, or medics, in the city of Bhoj; but unluckily for their fever patients, not one Sangrado amongst them. In this strait the sufferers apply to a carpenter, who has somewhere learnt the art of phlebotomy, and operates on them with a phlem. They are equally at a loss for dentists, and the absence of a polished key is remedied by the use of a bent and rusty nail, urged against the offending tooth, by an unskilled practitioner. None of the sciences, either curious or useful, is known, even in its simplest elements, to these poor people, yet they show a desire for information, when one wiser than themselves excites their curiosity, which might, ably directed, prove a channel for their general improvement."—*Mrs. Postan's Random Sketches.*

THE LAMA.

The lama is the only animal associated with men, and undebauched by the contact. The lamas will bear neither beating nor ill-treatment. They will go in troops, an Indian walking a long distance a-head as guide. If tired they stop, and the Indian stops also. If the delay is great, the Indian becoming uneasy toward sunset, after all sorts of precaution, resolves on supplicating the beasts to resume their journey. He stands about fifty or sixty paces off, in an attitude of humility, waves his hand coaxingly towards the lamas, looks at them with tenderness, and at the same time in the softest tone, and, with a patience I never failed to admire, reiterates *ic-ic-ic-ic*. If the lamas are disposed to continue their course, they follow the Indian in good order, at a regular pace, and very fast, for their legs are extremely long; but when they are in ill-humour, they do not even turn towards the speaker, but remain motionless, huddled together, standing or lying down, and gazing on heaven with looks so tender, so melancholy, that we might imagine these singular animals had the consciousness of another life, or a happier existence. The straight neck, and its gentle majesty of bearing, the long down of their always clean and glossy skin, their supple and timid motions, all give them an air at once noble and sensitive. It must be so, in fact, for the lama is the only creature employed by man that he dares not strike. If it happens (which is very seldom) that an Indian wishes to obtain, either by force or threats, what the lama will not willingly perform, the instant the animal finds itself affronted by word or gesture, he raises his head with dignity, and without attempting to escape its treatment by flight (the lama is never tied or fettered), he lies down, turning his looks towards heaven. Large tears flow freely down his beautiful eyes, sighs issue from his breast, and in a half or three quarters of an hour at most, he expires. Happy creatures, who so easily avoid suffering by death! Happy creatures, who appear to have accepted life on condition of its being happy! The respect shown these animals by the Peruvian Indians, amounts absolutely to superstitious reverence. When the Indians load them, two approach and caress the animal, hiding his head that he may not see the burthen on his back: if he did, he would fall down and die. It is the same in unloading: if the burthen exceeds a certain weight, the animal throws itself down and dies. The Indians of the Cordilleras alone possess enough patience and gentleness to manage the lama. It is, doubtless, from this extraordinary companion that he has learned to die when overtasked.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

"LOT'S WIFE."

Mr. Colman, in his agricultural address last week, illustrated the folly of modern fashionable female education by an anecdote. A young man who had for a long while remained in that useless state designated by "a half pair of scissors," at last seriously determined he would procure him a wife. He got the "refusal" of one who was beautiful and fashionably accomplished, and took her upon trial to his home. Soon learning that she knew nothing, either how to darn a stocking, or boil a potato, or roast a bit of beef, he returned her to her father's house, as having been weighed in the balance and found wanting. A suit was commenced by the good lady, but the husband alleged that she was not "up to the sample," and of course the obligation to retain the commodity was not binding. The jury inflicted a fine of a few dollars, but he would have given a fortune rather than not to be liberated from such an irksome engagement. "As well might the farmer have the original Venus de Medicis placed in his kitchen," said the orator, "as some of the modern fashionable women." "Indeed," continued he, "it would be much better to have Lot's wife standing there, for she might answer one useful purpose; she might *salt his bacon!*"—*American Paper.*

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